With the Light Guns

IN '61 '65

WOODRUFF

FIRST LIEUT. OMER R. WEAVER,
Killed at Oak Hill, August, 10, 1861.

WITH THE LIGHT GUNS IN '61–'65

REMINISCENCES OF ELEVEN ARKANSAS, MISSOURI AND TEXAS LIGHT BATTERIES, IN THE CIVIL WAR.

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

BY W E. WOODRUFF,
LATE MAJOR ART., C. S. A.

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PREFATORY

The accompanying hastily written sketch outlining the career of his old companies and battallion, is made at the request of old comrades. It is written in the spirit that influenced the action at the time of occurrence, and is the best a failing memory can do; it will serve until a better account can be prepared, wholly or by amendment. It is merely a jotting down of names, facts and incidents as recalled while writing, with few memoranda or persons to consult. It makes no pretension to literary merit.

Some occurrences are probably stated out of chronological order, and the rolls are defective by omission of names, partial or total. Ten thousand things omitted are ineffaceably impressed upon memory by the hard pounding endured—some important, others trivial or only amusing—but enough is given to show the character of the new military life in the "trans-Mississippi" country, in '61-5, to friends and descendants, who care to learn of what the participants endured, learned and saw. Most of the officers and men are dead or removed

to a distance; forty-two years have elapsed since the organization of the oldest company. Although prepared very late, it may still be useful as a memorial in honor of, and it is dedicated to the men and boys who tried to do their state service in a cause they believed to be just, at peril of their lives and fortunes.

A plan of the field covered by the battle of Oak Hill (so called by the victors), otherwise known as Springfield or Wilson's Creek, is attached. It is the work of another participant; it varies in some respects from the writer's recollection, but on the whole gives a fair representation of the theatre of the famous struggle, and the grounds on which the several States' troops were camped at its opening.

W E. WOODRUFF.

MILITARY LITTLE ROCK

About 1860, and for many years previous, the militia laws of Arkansas authorized only four volunteer company organizations in a county, one each of artillery, cavalry, infantry and light infantry (or riflemen.)

The first company in Pulaski county within the writer's recollection, was an artillery company, commanded by Captain Albert Pike, the names of the subalterns now forgotten; it must have been about 1839 to 1841. It continued for several years, drilling usually as infantry, but performing artillery service—firing salutes on National holidays, inauguration of governors and the like on important occasions—having the privilege of using the old iron guns in store at the United States arsenal. It reorganized as infantry under the same captain, in the early '40's of last century, under the name of "Little Rock Guards." The writer thinks the late David F. Shall and Jno. E. Reardon were among the lieutenants; D. C. Fulton was O. S. It was a finely drilled company, and for many years performed military functions in the small community of Little Rock. Its armory was in the basement of the old City Hotel, which stood on the ground now occupied by the Lincoln Drug Company and Fones Company.

There was also a company of cadets, composed of boys of from 15 to 18 years, drilled by Captain Bingham, an efficient officer. Its armory was on ground now occupied by Adams & Boyle. Jas. DeBaun, Jr., was the first captain, and Jno. C. Peay succeeded him. Henry L. Pitcher was one of the lieutenants. It made a creditable appearance on several occasions, and was an important factor in all public displays.

At the outbreak of the Mexican War in the spring of 1846, two mounted companies were raised in Pulaski county, for service in the cavalry regiment later commanded by Colonel Archibald Yell; one was commanded by Captain Albert Pike, with Hamilton Reynolds, W N. Causin and Jno. C. Peay as lieutenants. It was composed in large part of members of the Little Rock Guards Infantry Company, recruited from the county then comprising parts of the present counties of Lonoke and Prairie, and Faulkner, possibly. It retained the name of "Little Rock Guards" until mustered out at the close of the war. At the battle of Buena Vista it formed part of the battalion of Capt. Charles May, and rendered distinguished service. *

*Rank and file of Little Rock Guards at battle of Buena Vista, Mexico, February 21-22, 1847, with commissioned officers as above:

First Sergeant John C. Stevenson, Sergeants Charles L. Sullivan, James T. Stevenson; Corporals Wm. F. Hicks, Wm. H. Toler, Hery Crease, Charles W. Wolfe; Bugler A. M. Crouch; Farrier Joe Schneider; Privates Wm. L. Adamson, Stephen Bales, Frank Bolton, John B. Borden, A. H. Brack, James Brack, Samuel Brookin, Sterling G. Butler, C. Andrew Sellers, Hugh Collins, Ellis E. Dismukes, R. L. Duff, Edwin L. Erwin, Robert C. Farrelly, H. Freysching, D. O. Furr, S. N. Garner, John Goolesson, E. Hammond, W. H. Hammond, Enos Hannegin, J. H. Hendricks, John Hogan, Isaac Johnson, Jesse Jones, James McVicker, George S. Morrison, Gage Musser, M. Pinck Newman, Edward Pile, Jacob

The other company was commanded by Captain Solon Borland, with C. C. Danley, Josiah M. Giles and Hiram Carr as lieutenants. Borland became major of Yell's regiment then; Danley was made captain and Isaac D. Hamilton was elected as senior first lieutenant in his stead.

After the close of the Mexican War, the military spirit subsided and there was no organization of any kind for several years, until its revival as the "Capital Guards," under the captaincy of Gordon N. Peay, Sr., with Lieutenants Jno. E. Reardon, D. C. Fulton and John B. Lockman, late in the '50's of the late century; J. V Zimmerman was O. S.

In the last half of Gov. E. N Conway's administration, owing to his urgent recommendations and methods, much interest was manifested throughout the State in military affairs.

In 1859-60, Capt. Thos. J. Churchill, late an officer of Col. Humphrey Marshall's Kentucky cavalry regiment, raised a volunteer cavalry company, with Lieutenants Morton Galloway, L. L. Thompson, Hall McConnell and Geo. S. Morrison. The militia company was armed with lances and sabres, and made a fine appearance. Later it went almost bodily into Confederate service.

In 1860-61, Capt. Dan Ringo, Jr., organized a company of light infantry

There was still room and a demand in Pulaski county for another volunteer company, and as the

Tscheimer, Jonas Reed, George S. Rose. Lawson Sitzes, E. B. Smith, John D. Tharpe, Morgan Ussery and Allen M. Woodruff. David Pursely died in hospital February 22, 1847. There were no others sick or absent. Sergeant Sullivan and Isaac Johnson were slightly wounded. None killed or missing. Total officers and men, 52.

Scott and Henry Gray are known to have been members of this company. The latter died in service.

county's quota of militia organizations admitted of none other, it necessarily took the vacant line of the artillery service. The general idea of the promoters was to have the unmounted county companies form a battalion and drill as such on important occasions.

For the accompanying roll of the Capital Guards, credit is due the Little Rock Democrat of July 30, 1903:

ROSTER AND ROLL OF THE CAPITAL GUARDS

(Co. A, 6th Ark. Inf.), mustered into Confederate service about June, 1861.

Commissioned Officers at organization:

G. N. Peay, Sr., Captain; elected Lt.-Col. regiment.
J. E. Reardon, 1st Lieut.; elected Capt., vice Peay.
David C. Fulton, 2d Lieut.
John B. Lockman, Bt. 2d. Lieut.

Non-Commissioned Officers and Privates:

J. V. Zimmerman—O. S.
Baer, Geo.—K.
Barrett, James
Brack, Fred.—K.
Bastable, A. N.—S.
Brisbin, John—C.
Brookin, Henry C.—K.
Burr, E. B.
Carter, W. W.
Cates, F. Pratt
Cremmel, J.
Cohen, Albert
Corr, L. C.
Elder, Maro M.
Ellis, Jos.—K.
Faulkner, Wm. H.
Field, Ben. J.
Fischer, Henry—K.
Fischer, Wm. C.
Fletcher, J. G., e. Capt., v. Peay, p.
Garrahan, Jas.—K.
Geary, John—K.
Green, Marion—K.
Goodrich, Ralph L.
Harris, W. R.—W.
Harris, Simpson—K.—p. Lt. & Adjt.
Hicks, H. H.
Hotze, Peter
Hudson, J. A.—C.—e. Lieut.
Hyneman, M. L.—C.
Ives, E. E.
James, Chas.
Jordan, R. H.
Kumpe, Ed.
Kumpe, L.
Kellogg, Jon.
Lawson, Jas.—C.
Levy, J. H.—K.
Lincoln, C. J.
Meyer, Herman
Meyer, Louis
Murphy, John
Motto, Jo. H.
Parker, Sam G.
Peay, Wm. N.
Penzel, Chas. F.—W.
Ratcliffe, Wm. C.—W.
Reardon, S. B.
Ring, Geo.—W.
Scull, Ben. F.—W.
Smith, J. H.
Streak, John—K.
Starbuck, R. W.
Tucker, J. Wood.
Tyler, J. B.—W.
White, R. K.—W.
Walker, John R.
Watson, E. H.—K.
Winfrey, B. H.
Wright, G. C.—W.

Abbreviations.—C.—Corporal. K.—Killed in battle. O. S.—First Sergeant. P.—Promoted. S.—Sergeant. W.—Wounded.

THE TOTTEN LIGHT BATTERY
A. S. V. M.

The new organization was formed in 1860, with W E. Woodruff, Jr., as captain, and First Lieutenants Omer R. Weaver and Louis W Brown, and Second Lieutenant James W Finley. The company was named "Totten Artillery," in compliment to Dr. Wm. Totten, who did service at the Little Rock United States Arsenal from the laying of its foundation (and was a favorite with every child raised in Little Rock between 1839 and 1860), and of his son Captain Jas. Totten, U. S. A., of a light battery stationed at Little Rock arsenal in 1860, and of which post he became commandant a few months preceding the Civil War.

The new company drilled earnestly and industriously. In a comparatively short time it was prepared to participate in battalion drills at which the four county companies were called upon to figure. It did its part creditably, it is believed. Thenceforward its life was that of the volunteer organization in time of peace, holding its meetings and drills according to the laws and regulations.

The policy of Gov. Henry M. Rector, who succeeded, was very much that of Governor Conway, and everywhere in Arkansas military organizations

were the fashion of the times. Captain Totten's arrival at Little Rock relieved Capt. Richard H. Fatherly, M. S. K., of the command of the United States arsenal. His relationship (step-brother) made Totten's introduction and that of his subalterns, Lieutenants Andrew Merchant, Arnett and DeLoney, very easy and agreeable to society. Totten was of Irish descent but Virginia born. There was no question of his sympathy with the Southern people. That he changed was due, it is thought, to domestic considerations.

The times were hot with the blistering political campaigns attendant upon the State and Presidential contest of 1860, between Johnson and Rector, and Breckenridge, Douglass, Bell and Lincoln. The September (1860) State election resulted in the choice of Rector as Governor and a Democratic Legislature. In November the State went for Breckenridge. South Carolina seceded December 20, because of Lincoln's election, and the example was followed by Mississippi Jan. 9, 1861, and Florida on the 10th, Alabama on the 11th, Georgia on the 18th, Louisiana on the 26th, Texas on February 4th. The Alabama convention invited delegates to a constitutional convention of the seceding States to meet at Montgomery on February 4th. On January 4th, the Arkansas senators in Congress advised the secession of Arkansas. Jefferson Davis was elected Provisional President on February 11th.

The Arkansas Legislature met in November, 1860, and fired by the act of South Carolina, called a State convention, which met early in 1861. A majority of Union men, friends of Bell and Doug-

las, dominated the body. David Walker was elected its president. Moderate counsels prevailed, in hope of good results from the Crittenden conference. By common consent, the convention determined to await the action of Virginia, whose Legislature met January 7, 1861. A temporary adjournment of the Arkansas convention was had, subject to the call of President Walker.

Things "rocked along"—the Union men hopeful of good results from the Crittenden conference, and its effect on the presidential policy; the friends of secession incredulous. Then on April 15, 1861, came Lincoln's proclamation, calling for the enlistment of 75,000 men to suppress the rebellion. Its effect was as horrifying as tremendous—like the John Brown raid upon Virginia in '59. It satisfied the South that the Northern policy of force was to overthrow the constitutional rights of the South. Seventy-five thousand (75,000) men! It seemed to the conservatives of the South an invading army as formidable as the flights of wild pigeons in the old days. Its effects were dreadful to the lovers of the Union. At the South, as at the North, it instantly drove—it did not convert—all conservative into radical sentiment. As Mr. Blaine said of the North—so at the South—"Yesterday there was division, today there is unity." At the South resistance was the watchword, at the North compulsion. Governor Rector, instantly and rightfully refused to respect the President's requisition for troops from the State. Immediately President Walker called the State convention to assemble on the 6th day of May. Virginia and North Carolina had acted, and the first act of the

convention on re-assembling was to pass an ordinance of secession, which was officially recorded as unanimous, with the exception of one vote, that of Isaac Murphy of Madison county.*

The Totten Artillery, before passage of the ordinance—a foregone conclusion—had been ordered by the State authorities to fire a salute in its honor, after adoption. The battery was on the ground outside, at the northeast corner of the State House enclosure, and did the service. The powder used was the first burned "officially" in Arkansas in hostility to the United States, and it would never have been so used but for the unholy levy upon the State for troops to do the bidding of the stronger States of the North, in violation, as was the general belief, of the Federal Constitution, on a predetermined plan.

In February or March, while the convention was awaiting the action of Virginia, as suddenly as unexpectedly appeared at Little Rock, several companies of troops under command of Colonel Patrick Cleburne of Helena, with the avowed design of capturing the United States force of Captain Totten and the arsenal. Totten was prompt to act on the defensive, and rapidly put his men and cannon in the basement of the main arsenal building, in condition to repel assault. Wise counsels prevailed and diplomacy of citizens accomplished peacefully what if force had been used, might have resulted in bloodshed within half a mile of the business center of the city. Captain Totten, by agree-

*This was a monumental act; but it is believed that it is due to an omission of the secretary of the convention, who failed to record the vote of John Campbell of Searcy county against the ordinance.

ment upon a show of sufficient military force, surrendered the arsenal grounds and contents to Governor Rector, and withdrew to the North with the honors of war. In January and February, the arsenals at Baton Rouge and San Antonio were captured, the latter by Ben McCulloch.

Up to the time of this movement, great hopes had been entertained that Totten would join the Southern cause. He and his officers were personally very popular with the people of the city, who honored him signally on the occasion of his withdrawal, by escorting him and his men to the steamer which took them to St. Louis.

A week or two later, the steamer Blue Wing, and other boats, were captured near the mouth of the Arkansas, laden with military supplies for United States forces in Arkansas and elsewhere. There was no telegraphic communication to the east, otherwise than via Memphis. Rumor said the boat had been sent up the Arkansas, but in what custody was unknown. As a precautionary step, the Totten Battery was ordered to take position near the Point of Rock, where the southern approach of the Fort Smith railroad bridge is now, and prevent her from passing the wharf on arrival. On her approach in a day or so from below, a shot across her bows arrested and brought her to. She was in charge of Southern men. Her cargo of valuable stores was housed by the State authorities.

While awaiting the arrival of the Blue Wing, Col. Solon Borland communicated to the captain of the battery information of a projected expedition to Fort Smith, to capture the garrison stationed

there, consisting of a squadron of United States cavalry, commanded by Capt. Samuel Sturgis (the junior company of which was that of Capt. James McIntosh), and solicited him to join. The captain expressed unwillingness to act on his own motion, but said he would obey any order of the Governor. An order came next day, and the expedition was organized rapidly.

In a few days a force of near one thousand men embarked from Little Rock under command of Col. Solon Borland, in execution of the design. Among the troops was the Totten Battery, with four pieces of artillery, two mounted, with a sufficiency of ammunition, shot, shell and canister in original boxes from the United States arsenal supplies surrendered by Captain Totten. As recollected, three steamers were required to transport the force—the Little Rock, Capt. Jenks Brown; the Lady Walton, Capt. Ed. Nowland, and perhaps the Talequah, commander's name forgotten. To the young men and boys that composed it, now gray-headed fathers and grandfathers, it was a picnic excursion, heartily enjoyed all the way up. They were welcomed at every town, landing and woodyard by the new-born secessionists, begot of the force proclamation. The expedition had progressed to a point between Arbuckle's Island and Mazzard Landing, within a few miles of Fort Smith, when a few minutes before dark a descending boat hailed. A reply was made asking a halt of a few minutes for conference. The voice was that of Capt. James McIntosh, late of the Fort Smith United States garrison, whose resignation as captain had been accepted at Washington and of which he had just

been notified at Fort Smith. He was en route for Richmond. He reported rumors of the Little Rock expedition had reached Fort Smith, and that after he left the garrison, hurried preparations were making in the fort for either a fight or a flight. He bade us God-speed and went on down the river. Then things quieted and the hurry of preparation begun.

Fort Smith was distant only six or seven miles by land; twice the distance by water. Colonel Borland personally ordered the captain of the battery to fill his limber chests with ammunition from the boxes in the fore-hold. A brisk wind was following our steamer's course up the river, and sparks were flying from the boiler furnaces over the forecastle and bow, thick as lightning bugs on a summer night. He was inclined to demur, but just in time, a fortunate turn in the channel sent the sparks to leeward, and the boys went to filling the chests. The work was hardly finished when the rain of sparks began again. It seemed providential. After this, the disposition of the boys, when time was ripe, was plain. The boats passed Van Buren and arrived at Fort Smith a few hours later in the night. It is not known to the writer if any land force went over the short land routes from Mazzard landing or Van Buren; if so, they debarked from some boat other than the Walton.

A considerable gathering of people was at the wharf at Fort Smith on arrival, and it was announced that Sturgis and his forces, short a few deserters, had fled towards Texas through the Indian Territory, supposably to join Capt. Emory's command, thought to be in the vicinity of Fort

Washita. Immediately there was great rejoicing. Colonel Borland's men occupied the garrison grounds at once. Shortly after daylight the guns of the battery were inside the garrison walls, moved by hand by the gunners from the boat. The roads were picketed and our first experience in camp life other than drill began. Tents were pitched, guards placed, messes formed and cooks appointed, and drum and bugle sounded the orders and hours. Sturgis left the garrison grounds in profound confusion and disorder; saddles, bridles, arms, revolvers, sabres, pistols and carbines, blankets, clothes, ammunition —everything a soldier needs or requires—were everywhere, evidencing the departure was in great haste.

In the middle of the night a bogus "surprise attack" was organized, supposedly by Sturgis, which brought the new garrison quickly to arms; the whole command behaved creditably. The cannon were loaded with canister shot, intended for the enemy, but the genuine attack having failed to develop, the guns next morning were impotently discharged into the Arkansas river at the wharf, in an effort to practically observe their range, as well as test the ammunition, which had been stored in the magazine at Little Rock since the close of the Mexican War, thirteen or fourteen years previous.

A day or two later Borland's men re-embarked for Little Rock on the Walton and other boats, which port was reached in two or three days. On the return voyage, the reception of the "victorious" army at every stopping point was enthusiastic, inspiring. Cheering was the order of the day, on shore and aboard. Artillery salutes and brass

bands wore out all ears, patience and "Dixie." By order, we had two field pieces on the Walton's forecastle, firing salutes, which left a stink of sulphur and saltpeter and a ribbon of smoke from Belle Point to Petit Rocher.* The folks at Little Rock were not behind the upper riparian population in enthusiasm over the return; it looked as if all the men, women and children, black and white, were out, lining the river banks on both sides, from the point where the fleet escaped the curtain of Big Rock until the boats' bows, after a graceful curve, touched the wharf at the "lower landing," as it used to be called, at the foot of Commerce street. Then, as a general thing, each returned veteran sought his particular home or people without much regard to order or discipline. Evidently the "war was over" and the "Yankees whipped." The Tottens marched to their armory on Markham street, and were dismissed (vaingloriously) after congratulation upon their soldierly conduct, and notification to assemble for drill at the usual time and place, according to the by-laws.

The little company was scarcely settled at home, the men at their customary vocations, when the alarm was again sounded. The convention had made appointments of general officers and assigned them fields of action and usefulness. Companies were being organized all over the State. General N. Bart. Pearce, a West Pointer, was appointed brigadier general and assigned to the Northwestern Military District, where he had established a rendezvous post at Camp Walker, on the Western

* The French names of Fort Smith and Little Rock in the Louisiana provincial days.

Line of Benton county, near old Fort Wayne, or Maysville, as the postoffice was called. The convention had also provided a Military Board to act in conjunction with the Governor in handling military matters.

Besides the Governor, Capt. C. C. Danley, a veteran of the Texas War of Independence and of the Mexican War, B. C. Totten of Prairie county and C. W. Board of Jacksonport, composed the first board. Later, Dr. L. D. Hill of Perry county and Sam W. Williams of Pulaski became members to supply vacancies.

Roster and Roll of Officers and Men Composing the Pulaski (Formerly Totten) Light Battery, Volunteer Arkansas Militia, Enlisted in May, 1861. *

Commissioned Officers.

Captain, W. E. Woodruff, Jr.
First Lieutenant, Omer R. Weaver, K.
First Lieutenant, Louis W. Brown, Ad. vice Weaver, K.
Second Lieutenant, James W. Finley, D.
Second Lieutenant, Wm. W. Reyburn, E. vice Finley, D.; Ad. (Jr.) First Lieutenant, vice Brown, Ad.
Second Lieutenant, Britton Bennett, E. vice Reyburn, Ad.

Noncommissioned Officers and Privates.

Anderson, James.
Armstrong, William.
Banks, Richard.
Baum, Julian.
Bennett. Britton, E. Second Lieutenant, vice Reyburn Ad.
Bischop, Jo., B.
Blocher, Wm. D., O. S., vice Reyburn, E. Second Lieutenant.
Brodie, James, Art.
Brown, James M.
Button, C. E. ("Billy"), S.
Byler, Hugh, K.
Byrd, Richard C., Jr., W.
Callaway, Sam.
Campbell, Wm., Art.
Carver, Wm.
Cavanaugh, Thomas.
Collamore, William.
Cook, James, Art.

Note.—Abbreviations: Ad.—Advanced; Art.—Artificer; B.—Bugler or Musician; C.—Corporal; D.—Died at home; K.—Killed in battle; P.—Promoted from ranks; O. S.—First Sergeant; S.—Sergeant; W.—Wounded in battle; R.—Resigned.

Connolly, Patrick.
Curry, Wm.
Culberson, William.
Davis, John H.
Davis, William.
Davis, Wm. R.
DeCourcey, Andrew.
Douglass, Wm. R., S.
Durr, John.
Frazier.
George, Alex, Jr., B.
Gibbon, Ed.
Green, Wm., C.
Halliburton, Harry, C.
Hardy, Chas.
Hardy, Hugh.
Higgins, James.
Hoskins, Chas. E.
Jennings, R. L., Jr.
Jones, Harper.
Kimbell, Joe W., S.
Kuykendall, M.
Lee, Thomas.
Levy, Julius.
Lewis, Chas.
Lowe, H. C., S.
McCarthy, Jas.
McLaughlin, Ed.
McNeeley, Jas.
Mahaffey, Ed.
Maharra, John.
Marshall, John G., S.
Mears, A., S.
Merrick, George A.
Meyers, George.
Mills, Anderson, C.
Newbern, Ben.
Osborne, Wm. C., C.
O'Toole, Owen.
Owen, Thomas.
Palmer, C.
Parker, David W.
Parks, John.
Parks, Wm. P.
Pollock, Leo.
Quinlin, Harry.
Quinn, Mike.
Ream, Robert.
Reyburn, Wm. W., O. S.—E. Second Lieutenant, vice Finley, D.
Rider, William.
Rivers, James.
Skelton, N. B.
Smithee, James N., C.
Temple, Samuel.
Visart, Ed, S.
Watkins, Cam. B.
Watson, J. F.
Wilkerson, Wm.
Williams, Fred S.
Withers.
Woodard, A. F., Q. M. S.
Wright, David.

Early in May, the company received instructions by the hand of the secretary of the board to recruit the company to the maximum, select ordnance and stores from the arsenal, prepare clothing, and with arms and baggage take a designated steamer and repair to Fort Smith and report to General Pearce. It was already equipped as a volunteer company, with Minnie rifles. Two 6-pound bronze guns and two 12-pound Howitzers with caissons, equipments and harness, with sufficient ammunition to fill the chests and a surplus, and commissaries for the voyage, were loaded on the Lady Walton. The ladies of the town speedily prepared uniforms of gray jeans, and on the afternoon of the 15th day of May, the company of about seventy-five men, rank and file, with knapsacks on, was in line at the armory, ready to march to the wharf at a given time, when an aide of Gov. Rector delivered to the captain a note asking "By what authority the company was preparing to move?" Instantly recognizing that the Governor was the constitutional commander in chief, the captain replied, "By order of the Military Board, which he supposed included the knowledge and consent of the Governor." This was satisfactory to the Governor, who validated the board's order, and the company marched to and boarded the Walton and departed for Fort Smith in a few minutes. There is such a thing as recognizing an "opportunity" when you meet it on the highway. Only the late Wm. E. Ashley was shrewd enough to detect how anxious we were to be off—and the reason. As we passed Van Buren the ordnance was stored there, and the company went into camp at Fort

Smith, at the west side of the officers' quarters, within the garrison walls.

The company was thoroughly drilled in the Rifle Manual on the hurricane of the Walton, during the few days the trip consumed. Brigadier General Ben McCulloch and Captain James McIntosh were passengers on the Walton on the same trip to Fort Smith, and the officers and many of the men became known to them. By request of General McCulloch, the company camped adjoining his quarters and the officers were quartered adjoining his rooms in the barracks, while there.

The General and Captain McIntosh were favorably impressed with the company, and manifested their interest then and on many subsequent occasions. Colonel De Rosey Carroll, commanding a northwestern cavalry regiment, was commandant of the post. Some of his men dismounted, and several infantry companies were encamped within the garrison walls, to the number of near one thousand men. Some of the companies were composed of residents of Fort Smith. The men of these companies, naturally sought more liberty by leave of absence than those of the command not so conveniently near their homes. In a few days jealousy and complaints of partiality to the Sebastian companies became general in the camp, and caused the commandant much annoyance. Accordingly he issued orders greatly restricting the granting of leaves, in frequency and duration. Just as naturally this aroused a spirit of hostility in the resident companies towards the commandant, who called a council of officers to consider and aid him in effecting a proper solution of the trouble. The cap-

tain of the Tottens had been much annoyed by applications of his own men for leaves to visit the city, which they thought they were as much entitled to as the men of Fort Smith. When called upon for his views, he stated the existence of the discontent and the trouble it caused him, and supported the action of the commandant as the proper remedy This (possibly selfish though not intentional) action caused a feeling of ill will towards him on the part of some of the town companies' officers that lasted for many years; and in one of them during the continuance of his life, which was long. He was a brave soldier and an excellent gentleman and took a fatherly care of his men; but he was awfully "sot in his ways," as we used to say in Arkansas. For many years after the close of the war, we were socially, professionally and politically allied, but the writer cannot recollect anything he ever advocated that the officer did not oppose, or oppose anything that the latter did not advocate. Of course there are two sides to every question.

The company remained in garrison at Fort Smith some weeks, drilling as infantry long hours daily, until it was thought perfect by its officers and many competent judges. One such, an old citizen, said it was as good as any regular company ever in the garrison, which was high praise. On the way to and at Fort Smith, we secured several recruits, making the roll show a total of seventy-nine men. We had a few opportunities to participate in battallion drill. Our captain was not posted in Hardee's Manual then in use, but sufficiently well acquainted with Scott's to enable the

company to hold its own in battalion maneuvers. The unsuspected fact helped him immensely with his own officers and men.

On the 18th of June orders were received from General Pearce to move by steamer Talequah to Van Buren, go into camp and complete the outfit of the battery with horses, harness, ammunition, etc. Here we met a great loss, that of Lieut. Jas. W Finley. He was invalided at Fort Smith and went on home to Little Rock on the same boat that transported us to Van Buren. He died a few days after arrival there. He was of a delicate frame, and the faithful, hard work at drill was too much for him. He became an efficient officer, acquiring the good will of everybody, officers and men. His death was a loss as grievous to the service as to his family. Sergt. William W Reyburn was elected by the company to succeed him as second lieutenant. This was the only death from natural causes during the campaign.

We were invited to camp in the court house yard at Van Buren, and continued there during our stay. The fence afforded security for our horses, purchased and impressed by Col. Sam Hayes and the authorities of the town, who greatly and willingly facilitated the business.

While the first business was that of overhauling ammunition and stores, and getting out harness, saddles, etc., drills at the guns in the manual of the piece occupied several hours, twice daily. At first the officers were almost desperate at the thought of gun drill. None had any experience at the specialty, excepting the captain, and his was limited to two or three drills under Colonel (afterwards Maj.

Gen., C. S. A.) Bushrod R. Johnson, at a military school in Kentucky, barely sufficient to qualify a gun squad to officiate in firing a salute, at some "important" college function, attended by all the pretty girls of Louisville and surrounding country, under a manual obsolete in 1861. After a lapse of nigh forty-two years the captain confesses how the difficulty was surmounted. About the time we left Fort Smith for Van Buren, Capt. James Reed's Confederate (Fort Smith) Battery was outfitted and went to drilling at the guns. Among the number of drill officers of the company, the captain felt assured there must be some old United States artillerymen of light batteries stationed at Fort Smith, discharged from service at various times prior to the war. Reed was on the eve of breaking camp to go to Camp Walker. His hours of drill were learned and, taking a lieutenant (Weaver, it is believed) the captain went over to Fort Smith to take mental notes. Reed's men had scarcely unlimbered and taken implements and posts, when the whole modus operandi flashed back into the captain's memory. He recalled how beautifully and gracefully Col. Johnson and another professor, also a graduate of West Point and both officers of the United States army, had handled the gun implements, while illustrating the drill, and the rhythm and harmony of the common movement in execution. The captain knew the new tactics by heart, and now felt assured that, given a week to work, his men would suffer nothing by comparison. Reed's company was composed of excellent material and demonstrated its efficiency when the day of trial came.

Many efforts had been made to get rid of the armament of Minnie guns, always unsuccessfully; but while in camp at Van Buren, the fine company from Franklin county, of Captain Pittman, camped near us for some time. The men of the two companies mixed in idle hours, and the relations between the two companies became cordial. The two captains managed matters so as to secure an order for the transfer of the troublesome rifles, which Pittman was as anxious to receive as the battery was to get rid of. The men of the two companies off duty had nightly reunions, and although the Tottens had some illustrious stag dancers, the honors were won by a Franklin man, whom the Tottens nick-named "Claw-Hammer," after his home-spun coat of that cut, then fashionable in the upper circles of outer Franklin. The screams of delight with which our men hailed the victory of Claw-Hammer over Young Aleck, our best dancer, are unforgetable. I hope Claw-Hammer is still living, healthy, prosperous and happy. So good a dancer must have made a good soldier. Many a time has been recalled the shout, "Go in, Claw-Hammer," with which he was always greeted when he appeared at a dance in our camp. His was the first and only victory over any of our men at anything. The rifles were turned over to Pittman at or en route to Camp Walker.

Just as our outfitting was completed, after ten or twelve days at Van Buren, hurry orders came from General Pearce to make as soon as possible a forced march to Camp Walker, as signs of activity on the part of the enemy were visible in southwest Missouri. The plight was the most trying in the captain's life. Half the horses were unbroken to harness and all to the artillery harness; ammunition chests had been filled to regulation maximum; the drivers (postilion), were all unused to management of horses; the horses had never heard the sound of artillery discharges.

The treatment of us by the Van Buren people had been all the men could have asked—better then they deserved, most generous and hospitable during the brief sojourn. Never can be forgotten the many acts of kindness and sympathy shown us by all classes of the population, in sickness and in health. Without meaning to be invidious, it is just to mention the names of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Scott, Dr. and Mrs. James Dibrell, Sr., Judge Turner and wife, Judge Wm. Walker and wife, Judge John B. Ogden, J. S. Dunham, Dr. Pernot, the Wards, Gross, Englands, the three Austin brothers, Capt. Phillip Pennywit, and dozens of others. When we arrived we had no horses. By the efforts of these gentlemen, chiefly, the officers and battery were soon supplied. The first impressment was four white "over-land stage" horses—good ones, too. Mr. Emzy Wilson, an old acquaintance, furnished the captain with a fine mare, which was cherished all her days, and they were many. On the afternoon of the day before departure to the north, the captain had a field piece and a caisson,

both horsed, moved down to the river bank at the foot of Main street, loaded them with solid shot, shell and canister, and aimed and fired them down and across the river, the purpose being to salute the people who had been so kind, and to try the effect of the reports on the horses.

Next morning we started early with teams attached to each carriage, the battery wagon, forge and train. We had hoped to camp at Dripping Springs, some eight or ten miles up the road. Then trouble began. Trouble with the largest of initial letters. The men were new to "the route," the road was new to the men, and commenced at the foot of a steep and high mountain; the harness was new to the trained horses, and many horses were untrained to drive at all; the caissons were loaded to their full carrying capacity; the saddles of the drivers were unpadded; the officers and drivers inexperienced. "Speeding the parting guests," the mistaken hospitality of some of the Van Buren people had overflowed with something stronger than water, and made three or four men add 150 per cent. to the difficulties already in stock. But we had to endure it all. Finally the place of camp was made by the head of column at Dripping Springs. The battery and train, however, was strung all along the road, from five miles north of Van Buren to Dripping Springs. The better part of the next day was spent in hunting for things overlooked, in shoeing horses, adjustment of our new outfit, and bringing up stranded carriages. But progress was made. On the third day we camped—entire—near the foot of Cane Hill, having made about twenty miles by the "line road." On the fourth day we

made about twenty-six miles. In crossing the Illinois river that evening, a gun wheel broke down midstream. It was repaired in site by setting an extra wheel from a caisson. That night a dispatch came from General Pearce asking us to hurry, intimating expected trouble. We started early in the morning of the sixth day and reached Camp Walker about 9 a. m., after about fifteen miles of travel. It was in Benton county, near old Ft. Wayne, near the Indian border and the southwest corner of Missouri. General McCulloch overtook us during the morning and reached the camp a little ahead of us. An amusing incident occurred after the last day's march began. Riding ahead to force officers of sections to acquire experience and executive authority, the captain observed at a distance, a horseman galloping rapidly south. He was stopped to learn news from the front. He was an old acquaintance, a member of the Legislature. He reported the enemy 10,000 strong was at Pineville, Mo., coming south rapidly; would probably be at Camp Walker by the time we got there. He was unmistakably badly scared, but mindful of General Pearce's hurry orders, the command was closed up until we arrived at Camp Walker some miles ahead.

General McCulloch, in a few days after meeting General Pearce, went across the Missouri line to meet Gen. Sterling Price, whose force of Missourians was moving south towards Cowskin Prairie, slowly, from the recent affair with Sigel at Carthage, Mo., of which we now first learned.

The battery was assigned a pleasant position in camp, tents were pitched and all made comfortable. Next day we commenced the mounted drill, at a

fine ground on the prairie, and soon picked up the simple movements of going into battery to the front, rear, right and left and of passing caissons. In a short time the teams were well broken to work, the drivers accustomed to their duties, and the company manoeuvers creditably performed. The artificers were put to work padding saddle cushions, and other repairs. On the march, the backs of some of the horses were lacerated by the half-finished saddles, but they soon recovered under careful treatment of Sergeant Button, who, left in the hospital at Van Buren, had now come into camp. On this march the officers learned that the horses were to be their especial wards, and had to look to them solely for protection. They soon learned, as it was made their imperative duty, to supervise the feeding, watering and currying at stated hours daily.

We remained at Camp Walker until near the end of June, drilling long hours twice daily. The officers and men rapidly became proficient. The necessity was felt for accustoming the teams to the report of artillery and small arms. At one day's drill the battery was exercised in the firing of blank cartridges singly, by the piece, by section, by half battery and by battery. It proved to be a most wholesome performance, as some horses were exceedingly restive. The echoes and reverberations from the island-like clumps and groves of the prairie were wonderful, and served the stead of an answering enemy. Fearing a scolding from headquarters, as no leave had been asked, it was thought best to report to General Pearce and ask permission to repeat the exercise once or twice more. A

good humored caution against "wasting ammunition" resulted in the desired permission. Next day the exercise was repeated and with excellent results. Later no horse flinched after the first report. During these exercises it was discovered that a large proportion of the old cup primers (we used Linstocks and portfires to fire the guns) were badly oxidized and corroded. (Friction primers had been invented, but we had only a handful from our volunteer store), many being worthless from their long storage in the Little Rock arsenal. At every drill in the firings many crumbled or broke, or stuck in the guns, spiking them. A thorough overhauling and examination of the entire stock was made, and all defective ones thrown out. Fortunately we had a surplus, and not one "stuck" in our first fight.

In the last week of June a delegation from General Price arrived. It was reported that Sigel, under General Lyon and an additional force, was approaching from the direction of Springfield, southward. The co-operation of General Pearce's Arkansas and McCulloch's Confederate forces was asked. Rumors of the mission leaked out, and our whole army was ripe and eager for the proposed movement. McCulloch's command included the third Louisiana, McIntosh's regiment and McRae's battalion, infantry, and Churchill's cavalry. Greer's Texas cavalry was expected within a week. Then and there we had the pleasure of meeting for the first time, Col. Tom L. Sneed, Price's acting adjutant General, Major Majors, Colonel Harding and other Missouri officers. There was a contention among the general officers as to the leadership of

the proposed movement, which was finally decided in favor of McCulloch, after a brief delay. Orders were issued by General Pearce for his forces to move at a stated time, near the end of June, the supposed destination being Cowskin Prairie, Mo., near the State line; the object, a junction with General Price. Our command moved in the direction of Bentonville, where we camped until the movement north commenced. Here Artificer James Cook accomplished quite a feat, and learned something. He left camp early the night before, to examine the surrounding country. He got back in time for an early breakfast, but got none. The battery had gone! Not intimidated, he started after it, and overtook it at Camp Walker. His travels during the night are difficult to estimate, but added to the twenty-five of the day, he must have gone fifty miles without rations, in the twenty hours. He was "broke" of wandering ever after.

About July 3rd, we received orders to move towards Pineville, Mo. At Sugar Creek, near the State line, we overtook Gratiot's splendid Third Arkansas regiment, while Captain Hart's company was fording the stream. All officers and men carried bundles of some kind, and apparently wore tights. We had the pleasure then of making the acquaintance of a future Governor and a circuit judge of Arkansas, in that imposing and unbreeched condition. That day we passed the site of the future battle of Elkhorn. Memory has in mind a distinct photograph of the old tavern. Thence we marched nothward in the direction of Neosho. On the night of the Fourth of July, the Arkansas infantry and battery bivouacked at Camp Woodruff,

near the Newton and McDonald county line, expecting the next day to go into a fight at or near Neosho, eight or ten miles distant. We had inducements to believe that a battle was really commenced that night in camp; being a surprise, improvised for us, supposed to be an attack by Lyon from the east. All the Tottens were promptly at posts; they went into battery, but the enemy did not materialize. The next morning we learned the enemy we had hoped to meet at Neosho, had gone east to join Lyon, leaving a company of "Dutch," as we had learned from the Missourians to call the Federals, to hold the town. However, two detachments from Churchill's cavalry, one under the colonel himself and one under McIntosh, had gone before on the Fourth to Neosho, and captured the Federal company fortified in the court house. There was nothing to do but to take the back track for Camp Walker, where our baggage had been left, as we did leisurely

The sensations and views pictured in memory of this first march, as part of an army, forward and back between Bentonville and Neosho, were new and can never be obliterated, especially in the prairie country of both States in which the route lay. We had never before seen a large army in motion. The infantry seemed to roll and wind along the curves and irregularities of the road like a great, endless caterpillar, the spines of which were muskets and bayonets fixed, and glittering in the sunlight. There was something peculiar in the dry atmosphere, unknown further south, which seemed to invigorate one with new life and strength. The rushing, rustling noise made by the cavalry flank-

ers through the tall grass and brush, as they neared the column, forced by natural obstacles close to the road for passage, and their dispersal on returning to the flanks, was very strange. We did not realize that we were in the very forefront with the advance guard, and blissfully ignorant that if "business" was encountered we should be engaged in the very first of it. The dust, too, was Saharic, and so painted the face and person of every man, especially the cavalry and artillerymen, that friends could recognize friends by voice only; no woman could have known her son. Later that all became very commonplace.

On the road south I fell in with Col. Frank Rector, Pearce's adjutant general. As we rode, the events and movements of the last few days were discussed boy fashion, as well as the probable movements of the future, by both the enemy and ourselves—including Price—the junction being considered certain. Before parting we concurred in the opinion that Lyon was an accomplished soldier, far superior to Sigel, fanatical and aggressive, as evidenced at Camp Jackson; that he would be first to make a move towards Arkansas, with purpose to entice us from our State, over-confident by superiority in numbers, into pursuit; and that he, relying on his disciplined regular soldiers and well trained dutch voluteers, composing a large percentage of his army, could and would try to turn on us at his own pleasure at any moment, and rout or capture the whole Confederate army. It

was further settled between us that the probable turning point would be about ten miles south of Springfield.

We reached our rendezvous at Camp Walker, and were happy on recovering our baggage-trains and effects. Battery drill was resumed and the company, much sooner than anticipated, became proficient in all the manoeuvers of the school of the battery horsed. It was becoming really a fine light battery. Captain McIntosh told the captain so, and the captain told the boys. McIntosh had been with us from the departure from Little Rock to that for Van Buren; and while he had afterwards been with his troops in and near the Indian country, had kept us in mind. He came out to see us drill. The consciousness of his favor had a fine effect on the men, and made them anxious for opportunity to show it was not misplaced, and feeling assured that our battery was worth a dozen "ordinary" ones.

At Camp Walker the name of the battery was changed from "Totten" to "Pulaski Light Battery." Meantime, during the last half of July, there was contention again among the general officers as to leadership in future movements. Half of Price's men were unarmed. His column was hampered by unwieldy private trains. The foraging of so large a number of unarmed men was grievious to the country and injured the cause. McCulloch and Pearce turned over to Price a large number of muskets and other arms. Pearce's army was to protect Arkansas; McCulloch's field was the Indian Territory, where he was as much ambassador as general; Price's sphere was for the present "any port

in the storm," his ultimate hope the salvation of Missouri. The attitude of Lyon was so threatening and the exigency so close, it was finally agreed McCulloch should have chief command of the three forces, and take the offensive-defensive, and march to meet Lyon, who was moving from Springfield towards Arkansas.

Accordingly, Pearce ordered his force to move northeast about the 1st of August. The battery went from Camp Walker in the direction of Springfield, via Keittsville and Cassville, Mo. At Dug Springs, near the State line, our advance met that of the enemy, and skirmished. Here it is believed Capt. W P Campbell's company from Augusta, of Churchill's regiment, under Lieutenant Ramsaur, won the honors; the enemy were repelled. There was continued skirmishing as we advanced. The leading section (Weaver's) of the Pulaski went into battery at a point in the road called, I believe, Macculla's Store. Here it was learned certainly that Totten's regular battery was in the Federal advance. At Crane Creek, a few miles in advance, it was hoped the enemy could be drawn into ambush at the ford on the road we traveled. The Pulaskis were stationed in battery again on a hillside covering the ford nearly a quarter of a mile to the right of the road. While resting awaiting develepments, Flanagin's fine Arkansas regiment joined the column. Lieutenant Colonel Flanagin, with several other officers, paid us a visit on the hill. Our officers were very much amused at a remark of Colonel (later Governor) Flanagin. After passing the compliments of the day, he was asked "how he liked soldiering?" "Wall," he replied, "we like

it some, but the officers find it very difficult to procure washing." This raised a broad smile from those of us who by this time were beginning to feel like veterans. This remark, chimed with a recent experience, on the march two or three days before. Being temporarily without "help," the company officers concluded to do a little laundering for themselves, at a stream 100 or more yards from where the battery halted for repairs absolutely necessary. While so engaged, General Pearce and escort passed on the road about as far away. He did not stop, but sent a messenger to have the captain come and dine with him at headquarters next day. At dinner were Mrs. Pearce and other ladies. During the meal the general said: "Captain, we caught you in 'the suds' yesterday." "Yes, sir," the reply was, "we just had to do it ourselves; there was no other chance." The general alluded to the battery's stoppage, the reason for which he learned as he passed. The captain took his meaning literally, supposing the employment of his officers and himself had been observed the day before. Col. Flanagin's remark brought this to mind, and was all the more amusing; and he laughed, too, when fully advised. McIntosh later became colonel of this regiment.

A few minutes later occurred a moving scene. General Rains' unattached Missourians in seeming hordes, came rushing south across the ford at Crane Creek, with any imaginable number and style of vehicles and people, mounted and on foot. Our advance had feigned a retreat on overtaking the enemy, and fallen back in expectation of bringing on at attack at the ford. The disorder was terrifying

and had well nigh panicked the unattached and unarmed Missourians. In the antecedent skirmish the sound of artillery was heard for a time, and really it looked as if the long expected fight was at hand.

This day's march was the hardest within recollection, the first day from Van Buren north, excepted. It was fearfully hot and the men were at the verge of exhaustion. The tired Third Louisianians swarmed about our guns on the road, hoping and begging to ride. Our officers were compelled to refuse—the teams had to be protected, and they were just as tired as the Louisianians. The captain and lieutenants were the horses' only friends. On reaching camp at Moody's Spring, at night, the men all fell where they halted, and went to sleep where they lay, supperless; and it was only by personal exertions of the officers that the teams were unharnessed and picketed. The captain and officers were up before the rest next morning, and after personally waking the non-commissioned officers and drivers, went half a mile to find green corn to feed their individual horses, from a field off the road, of which they had been advised. During the night the captain received orders attaching the battery permanently to the Third Louisiana, Colonel Joseph Hebert commanding, and with it constituting the "advance" until further orders, and designating its position in column for next day's march.

At daylight, after disposing of what rations were in the haversacks, the cannoners were mounted, none too soon to secure our station in column next to Colonel Hebert's regiment, as Captain Hiram

Bledsoe, a brave and afterward renowned Missouri artilleryman, was found trying to force his battery into our place in column. Fortunately Adjutant General McIntosh appeared just as we drove up, and enforced our right and title to the place. The end of that day's march, August 6, took the army to Wilson's Creek, and the battery crossed and went into park and camp on the north side, to which it was guided personally by the soldierly eyes of Captain McIntosh, to the position first held in the battle three days later. The place was distant ten miles from Springfield, which Lyon had fortified. The march was not resumed the next day, nor the next, unaccountably to us. On the morning of the 9th of August, apprehensive that something might happen at the camp, the captain examined the ground near his position, and concluded to walk over to Colonel Hebert's camp, situated next south, and talk over possibilities and probabilities, with a view to readiness for what might occur. Half way between, the colonel was met, on his way to our camp for a similar purpose. Both went back to the battery and he was told what was in the captain's mind. He agreed there was ground to apprehend attack in site. They went over the ground already examined, and jointly selected what it was agreed was a somewhat better position in case of attack. It was the ground of the second position the battery took in the battle of the 10th. Later in the day an order came from Gen. McCulloch to prepare to march at 9 p. m. towards Springfield—and a fight. In the afternoon a light rain fell, which continued until after night. Most of our troops were without cartridge boxes,

and for fear of wetting ammunition, the order to move was modified, "to be prepared to move at a moment's notice." The captain received no later notice of any change of orders; and fortunately kept his horses harnessed and hitched, and his men at ease or resting near posts, all night. No move was made during the night, and very early the next morning, the 10th, the men got their breakfast, largely green corn which they had gathered the day before from adjacent fields.

In an old package of papers, yellow with age, is found a substantial copy of the report of the Pulaski battery's participation in the battle of the 10th of August. It has never been published within the knowledge of this writer, and it appears now, as having been made when matters were fresh in mind:

"Camp on Wilson's Creek, Mo., Aug. 11, 1861.
"Col. Joseph Hebert, Commanding Advance:—

"Sir:—My battery having been asigned to your command, it becomes my duty to report its participation in the action of yesterday on the ground it occupies. If I am in error, please forward to proper headquarters.

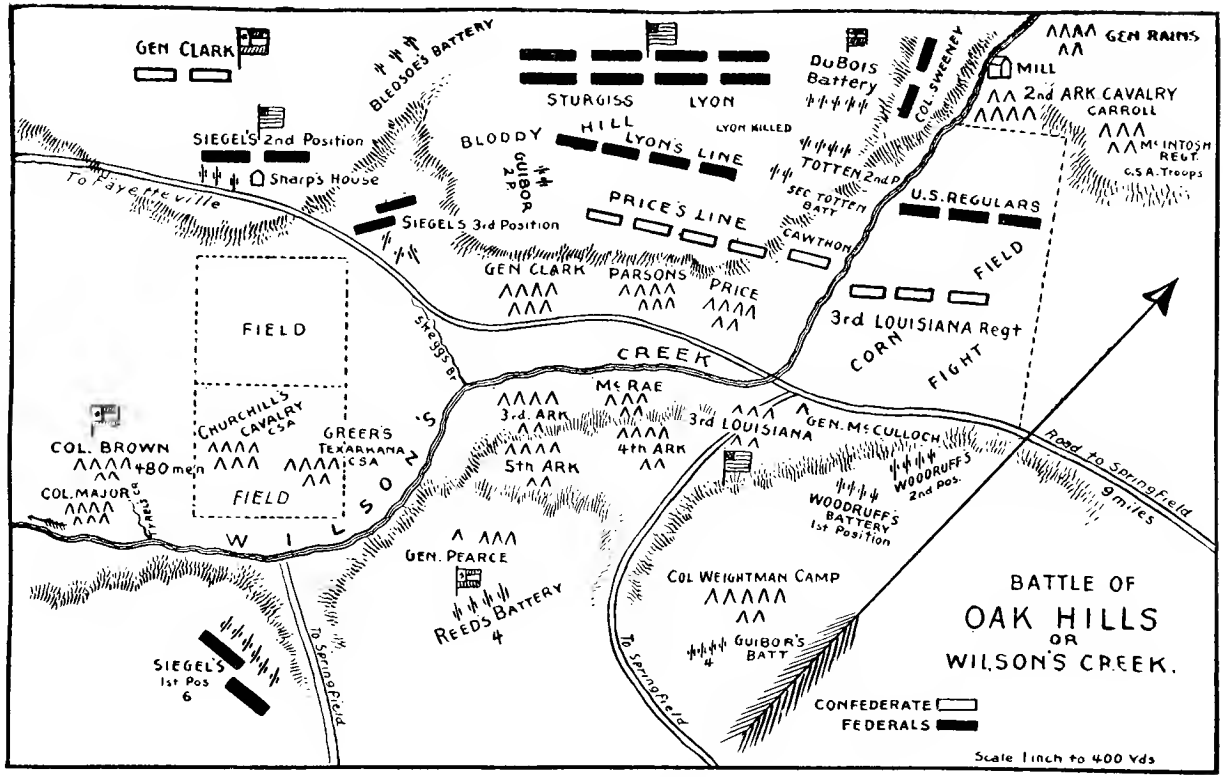
"On the morning of the 9th inst., I was ordered to be in readiness to move promptly against the enemy, at 9 p. m. Later, in consequence of the rain, I was ordered to be 'ready to move at a moment's notice.' My officers and men were ordered to remain at and near their posts, with teams harnessed and hitched, parked at full distance, and remained so all night.

"About 6 a. m. on the 10th, just as my men had finished breakfast, a great commotion was observed

on the Springfield road, in a direction northwesterly (as I take it) from my camp. Men, horses and other animals, with and without wagons, carriages, etc., were seen rushing hurriedly and confusedly in great numbers down the roads and to the fords on the west and south. It seemed to be a repetition of the affair at Crane Creek a few days ago, and we were not greatly disturbed. Nevertheless, I ordered officers and men to posts and mounted drivers while awaiting orders. A minute or two later, on the hill five or six hundred yards northwest a rush of teams was observed, which rapidly developed into a light battery, that quickly unlimbered and commenced firing, seemingly in the direction of General McCulloch's headquarters, or of the crowd flying down the main road towards Sharp's house. Almost simultaneously a second battery or section rushed forward to the right and in front of the first, about 200 yards, unlimbered and commenced firing, apparently in the direction of McRae's battalion, or Third Louisiana regiment.* My men had been held a minute or two in expectation of orders, but satisfied the situation was grave, I passed my caissons to the rear and ordered "in battery," at the appearance of the first mentioned force. The second battery or section of the enemy observed my movement, and opened fire on us. We were able to answer the enemy's third or fourth †shot. Generals Pearce and McCulloch were soon

*Curiously, the tactics outlined in Exodus 4-4 flashed in mind at this time.

†Gen. Price "was greatly aided from the beginning by Woodruff, who had, with true soldierly instinct, thrown his pieces into battery, on the bluff east of the ford, at the sound of Totten's guns, and opened on Lyon a fire which checked his advance and gave the Missourians time to reach Cawthon's position and form a line of battle there."—Snead's Fight for Missouri, p. 274.



FIELD OF BATTLE OF OAK HILL, August 10, 1861.

on the ground and approved the action taken. Within a few minutes after the enemy opened, the report of a few shots of artillery to the southwest was heard, or at both extremities of our camp. Feeling the importance of staying the assault until our infantry lines were established, the cannonade with the hostile battery was continued half an hour or more, with the double purpose of checking it and for effect on his infantry lines behind.*

"Early in the action, the Missouri cavalry regiment of Colonel Graves reported, in support of the battery. The colonel was requested to take position on our flanks and rear, if he approved. A considerable force of the enemy was observed in the cornfield near one-half mile immediately north of our position. Foreseeing that it was intended to attack our position and dislodge us, the appearance and position of this force, regulars, infantry, cavalry and a battery, was quickly reported to General McCulloch,† who speedily opposed it with McRae's battalion, part of the Third Louisiana, and, I think, Flanagin's regiment, all under Colonel McIntosh. They had to pass under the fire of our guns, stationed at a higher level, to reach the enemy. With the rest of the Third Louisiana regiment, General McCulloch, in a little while, moved rapidly to the west or southwest. Our infantry line being formed, and the threatened attack from the hill north checked, our fire was thereafter directed where it could be advantageously used without injury to our own troops, sometimes at the opposing battery, at others against the assaults of the enemy

*See p. 277; Snead Ib.
†See last paragraph of Note 1 to appendix.

on the hill to the northwest, in support of Colonel McIntosh, and after in support of our infantry line on the enemy, when the latter was uncovered. About 9 a. m., Colonel Gratiot's Third Arkansas reported in support, and was requested to take the position vacated by Graves' Missouri cavalry. An hour later the Third Arkansas, Colonel Gratiot, passed down the hill to the left of our position, directed by General Pearce, and crossed the creek, and in a little while went into action. Observing a Federal regiment, uniformed in gray, advancing in fine order to meet Gratiot, and having an excellent opportunity to enfilade it while Gratiot was uncovered, we opened on it with the effect of breaking its beautiful line and scattering it its full length, to the depth of a company front or more, when Gratiot met and dispersed it gallantly. The enemy commenced falling back about noon, to the northwest, in good order, their rear covered by artillery and cavalry. We opened on the retreating force, which gave our artillery antagonists opportunity to send a few spiteful shots at us in return.

"CASUALTIES.

"I have to report a loss of four officers and men, killed, wounded and missing. First Lieutenant Omer R. Weaver and Private Hugh Byler were killed by cannon shot; Private Richard C. Byrd, Jr., was wounded in the leg by a minnie ball, sufficiently to disable him from service for some time; two horses were also killed. The death of Weaver is an irreparable loss to the battery and the cause. Byler was a

brave and useful and exemplary soldier. Their loss is all the more deplorable, because if a surgeon had been attached, their valuable lives might possibly have been saved. The missing man had gone to the corral without permission at dawn, and was cut off from return by position of the enemy and his line of fire.

"During a lull in the action, by General Pearce's order, the battery was limbered up and moved to more elevated ground some one hundred yards to the right and rear of the first position.

"Very respectfully, etc.,

"W E. WOODRUFF, Jr.,

"Captain Pulaski (Arkansas) Light Battery."

The average excellence of behavior of the company was very high. There was only one absentee, and he, a boy, caught away from camp when the battle opened, had no exemplar to point the way to duty. His name is not mentioned. The army roll is challenged for superiors or peers of Tom Cavanaugh, Pat Connolly, Higgins, Cook, Lowe and Quinn, as cannoneers. They were all artists in the service of the piece. The names of a few others are given alphabetically, special mention of whom will excite no jealousy: Blocher, Brodie, Button, Campbell, Curry, Davis, W R. Douglass George, Halliburton, Hugh Hardy, Jennings, Kimbell, Lewis, Marshall, Mears, Merrick, Mills, Osborne, the two Parks brothers, Pollock, Visart, Watkins, Williams and Woodard, as deserving of commendation. Judgment forbids extending the

list, lest the heart run away with the pen and cause it to copy the roll. Ten or more were boys between 15 and 17, and their youth alone prevented some from being placed as sergeants and corporals. All seemed to vie as if each member felt desirous of averting from the State of Arkansas, the odium of an overwhelming disgrace, responsibility for which might be settled upon each.

Many of the incidents of the fight are recalled. It had been arranged between the company officers long before, that in our first engagement each should take the post of gunner at designated pieces. Weaver to take No. 1, I to take No. 2 (to be near the center) Reyburn No. 3, and Brown No. 4, assisted and rested by the proper gunner of the respective pieces. From the shape of the gun, the tendency is to "over-shoot" the mark, the outer surface of the gun being much thicker at the breech than at the muzzle. The difference is more than an inch according to calibre, and in a distance of several hundred yards the overshot is considerable.. Only experience can qualify a gunner to determine what elevation to give his piece, to strike with certainty a particular object. It was a fortunate incident that our overshots were effective on the Federal lines and reserve behind. I fired the first shot and the others followed. Weaver was struck within the first hour. He had just been relieved by his gunner, Sergeant Blocher, I believe, and, was

struck a moment after with a solid shot, which broke his right arm and crushed his breast. Some one told me Weaver was wounded and wanted to see me. I went to him immediately, and he said, lying on the ground, his wounded arm across his breast: "I am done for; can't you have me moved?" I said, "Yes, immediately, and I will try to get a surgeon." He said, "All right; you had better go back to your gun or post." I called Sergeant Button and told him to detail men to move Weaver, and to get a surgeon if he could. The fight was going on all the time. A little later Byler was struck by a solid shot above the knee. He was removed also. Within an hour Byrd was shot in the leg with a minnie ball and was also removed. Button managed to find Dr. Dunlap, of Fort Smith, who ministered to all while there was life. A wheel horse of the limber of Weaver's gun, one of the "overland" white team, was also killed. All the casualties happened at the same gun and its caisson—a piece of shell splintered the latter and fell inside the chest—except another horse which was killed near us to the left—a sergeant's horse hitched to a small tree.

During the "cornfield fight," a battery, I think Bledsoe's Missouri Battery, opened at a point considerably to the left, west and south of us, and fired apparently at the Federal regulars in the cornfield four or five shots. At the time I thought it

was Reed. It may be, however, that it was Guibor's Missouri Battery,* which was camped over a mile to the left and rear of us as we fired. Neither Reed, Bledsoe or Guibor was in sight. This was the only participation in the fight by the Missouri batteries that I am aware of. It occurred to me at the time, that the missiles of this battery were as dangerous to McIntosh as to the enemy. I had partially discontinued firing in that direction for that reason. The guns sounded beautifully and inspiringly, however. Reed fired a few shots at Sigel's battery, which we heard only, as he was out of sight. All the reports of the Pulaski battery "whipping Totten" are foundationless. He manifested himself a couragous and capable officer. He was in the fight from "end to end" and in the very forefront. He fired, I think, his last shot at us on the retreat, as stated in my report—though there was another regular battery, Du Bois',† in the close vicinity of the Federal force that made the cornfield fight. Totten's guns were abandoned at one stage. Colonel De Rosey Carroll's regiment (he told me) went over his, Totten's ground, and found them abandoned. They were recovered, however and drawn away. I freely say that while our post was

*It was Guibor, as learned from Snead's book long after Woodruff's official report was made. See note to appendix. Guibor had to "move more than a mile" to reach his post in Price's line, which he could not have done at the time Totten opened fire with his battery, and for a half hour after that time.

†It was DuBois. See note to appendix, next to last paragraph.

dangerous enough, I am glad the conditions were not reversed. He was afterwards dismissed from the army on account of dissipation, a weakness which President Grant might well have overlooked, as Totten suggested to him, when notified of that President's approval of his dismissal. The unkindest thing I ever heard of Captain Totten was a remark of Captain C. C. Danley, in '60 or '61, who remarked: "T was always a bosom friend of the man he drank with last." Certainly a testimonial to his generous nature, and I can testify to his soldierly qualities.

Generals McCulloch, Price, Pearce and Colonel McIntosh visited our position several times during the day; also President David Walker of the State convention. The demeanor of all was fearless. It is recalled that Price wore throughout the fight a black "plug" hat, which ranged over the field like an orriflamme, to the Missourians.

The bearing of General Lyon was in plain view, and was very gallant. There was another Federal officer, a one-armed Irish man, named Sweeny, as afterwards learned, whose actions were most gallant in bringing up and encouraging his infantry as his battallions were put into the fight successively He was always in the thick of it. We did not know the names of either until later. One factor aided the Federals greatly; all their infantry had long range guns; our men had very few; the Federals

could pick their distance out of range of our old muskets, squirrel rifles and shot guns, when the two lines clashed. This was signally manifested when Gratiot's minnie rifles were pitted against the last regiment put in the fight, which was arrested long before a return fire was expected. The difference in arms explains the heavy loss of the Confederates.

Next day after the battle the captain went to take a look at the "dutch" prisoners. As we passed a group of Price's Missourians, one of them spoke out so that he could be heard: "There goes the little captain of the battery that saved us yesterday." Then it was assured our boys had done well.

Only such matters as fell under personal observation are mentioned herein, because the object of the writer is merely to show the part played by the Pulaski battery, and not to describe the battle. The field of action to the south and west of us was mostly out of view, though we could hear the noise of artillery and small arms. We knew that the Missourians and Churchill's, Dockery's, Walker's Carroll's and other Arkansas regiments were earnestly engaged with the enemy, but the trees and the smoke, as it rose high above, obscured the ground, and the noise was our only evidence. Reed's battery and Weightman's men were entirely out of sight; so were the opera-

tions of the Third Louisiana in the fight that resulted in the capture of Sigel's battery. One of these guns was brought to the ground we occupied during the fight. Another it is said bore the mark of one of Reed's shots. We also secured one of Sigel's artillery horses, which we put in place of one horse killed. We named him Sigel.*

We remained in camp on the battlefield for two or three days. Lieutenant Weaver's and Byler's bodies were buried, but Weaver's was disinterred and sent to Little Rock for final burial, in charge of Lieutenant Brown. His grave is still bare of any memorial stone. This ought not to be, as Arkansas sent no more promising young soldier to the field.

After the death of Weaver, Lieutenant Reyburn was promoted to the grade of junior first lieutenant; and Sergeant Britton Bennett was elected second lieutenant. At the captain's request, Orderly Sergeant Blocher declined to be a candidate for the vacancy caused by Reyburn's promotion. This was on account of his usefulness as orderly sergeant.

How much soldierly ability was incorporated in Lyons' command can be estimated from the fact that besides himself eleven major generals and thirteen brigadiers were made from the officers whom he commanded at Oak Hill. Among the former were Schofield, Stanley, Steele, Sigel, Granger, Osterhaus, Herron, and possibly Curtis.

*See note to p. 64.

Among the latter, Sturgis, Carr, Plummer, Mitchell, Sweeney, Totten, Gilbert, Du Bois, regular's and Powell Clayton.

Of the regulars who participated, with all of whom (except the company of dragoons with Sigel) we were engaged at some period of the fight, were Plummer's battalion, 1st infantry, 4 companies; Steele's battalion, 4 companies, 2nd infantry; Totten's Company F, 2d artillery; DuBois' 6-gun battery; Carr's company of cavalry; Farand's company, 2nd dragoons, about 2,000 in all. Lyon's line never got farther than 100 yards in advance of his original position, where Totten opened the fight on Bloody Hill. His total loss is estimated by Colonel Snead's "Fight for Missouri" at 1317 killed and wounded; McCulloch's at 1230; Lyon and Sigel had 16 guns; McCulloch 15; Churchill had 197 casualties, out of 600 men—the heaviest regimental loss in McCulloch's forces. On the Confederate side, McCulloch, McIntosh, Churchill, Greer, Dockery, McRae and Hebert, became general officers.

The writer never went over a battlefield after a fight, and had no knowledge of the execution done by his guns or missiles until early in the '80's, when he in company with Lieutenant Cook and Capt. L. L. Thompson, attended a "reunion" at Springfield, Mo. There we met an officer (name forgotten) of

the Iowa regiment we had opposed, who expressed a wish to become acquainted. He had lost a leg in the fight. He appeared to be an excellent gentleman, and related many interesting incidents of the affair at Wilson's Creek. He recalled perfectly the opening of fire upon his regiment by the Pulaski battery, just before his regiment tried conclusions with Gratiot's regiment. Among other things, he said he "Had a young friend or relative in the regiment in whom he felt a great interest. Nearly all the men laid down for safety when the Pulaski battery opened on them, but this young fellow persisted in standing up, to be sure of missing nothing in sight. Finally the colonel persuaded him to lie down, but looking toward the curious man later, he saw him half raised, looking with all his might. 'Lie down, I tell you, lie down; you d—n fool, lie down,' was shouted again, and just then," said the colonel, "you shot my leg off." The climax was unexpected; we supposed the curious man would be annihilated with a cannon ball. I told the colonel it was pleasant to know that he hadn't been killed, but it was too late to apologise. I felt as badly at the time as if the injury was recent. As the war resulted, it is just as well not to prosecute the inquiry as to the amount of damage done by us.

I took opportunity of the delay in camp to visit Springfield on the 11th, and found it well, though hastily fortified. We should have had a much more

difficult fight had the original plan of battle been carried out.

On the 11th and 12th, the three generals were in heated conference over future plans. Price favored pursuit and making a fight for Missouri; McCulloch had already overstepped the letter of his authority, which held him to the Indian country; besides his orders to the contrary, were peremptory.* Pearce's force was composed wholly of State troops enlisted for a short term (six months, well nigh completed), for defense of Arkansas from invasion. McCulloch's and Pearce's men were, on the whole, well drilled and disciplined. The Missourians were not so well, but many had acquired valuable experience in and out of battle, and a large proportion was unorganized and without arms. Most of those they possessed were obsolete and inadequate to meet the modern arms supplied the Federals. This last objection was obviated by the result of the battle. All of these three generals were right in their respective views as to their authority; but as in the case of the Louisiana purchase, in 1803, surrounding circumstances would have justified some stretch of the constitution and laws and department orders. Conceding the exigency, the salvation of Missouri to the Confederacy, any movement northward would have been "defensive" of the territory of Arkansas, Louisiana and

* See Snead; p. 297.

Texas. All were threatened by the advance of Lyon's army. It was the plainest dictate of common as well as military sense to follow up the victory, and persist in an invasion which had been provoked by Lyon's advance. The consequence of failing to do so, was probably the loss to the Confederate cause of the great State of Missouri, at a time when its adhesion to the Southern side meant the success of the Southern cause. The Missourians were heart whole in the cause, and made immense sacrifices in support of it. No better soldiers ever joined in battle than they became. True, it is that Price was ambitious and audacious in his military views, but that was the kind of leader needed for the special service, the holding of Missouri. Later, his march to and success at Lexington, proved his policy was right. If he had been strong enough to go to St. Louis, it would have been still better.

When the conference was ended, the Pulaski battery was sent west by the Mt. Vernon road, and went into camp at Little York, in the Granby lead mine region. It remained there a few days, and then resumed march homeward by way of Keittsville, Mo. As I reached that town a little ahead of the command, I stopped at the town pump and dismounted to get a drink, carelessly observing a man coming toward me; but so thirsty and anxious was I to get the "first drink," that no particular at-

tention was paid him. "Captain, everybody says our boys did mighty well at Springfield," he spoke to me. Looking up, I recognized Smithee, who, with two or three others, had been left at Camp Walker, sick with the measles. I shook hands and asked where he was from. He replied from the hospital; that he had walked all the way, hoping to be in the fight, and had lived upon the country. He tried to overtake us, but had miscalculated his strength. "Well, let's sit down and talk; the boys will be here directly; they remember this pump," I said. We waited and chatted about half an hour, until the battery came up, when I turned him over to Dave Parker, driver of the battery wagon or forge, who cordially gave him a lift. We crossed the State line in due time, and went on to Camp Walker.

Orders from General Pearce were received here to take a vote of the men of the company, at the next camp, on the question "whether they preferred to remain in the State service, or go with General McCulloch."* At Elm Springs, Washington county, where we camped next, the vote was taken. A large majority preferred the State service, and it was so reported to general Pearce. On enlistment it was distinctly promised they should not be forced to stay a longer term. He ordered us to remain at Elm Springs and prepare muster-out rolls, but to keep organization until Fayetteville was reached, where the captain was directed to turn over the

*See note, appendix, last paragraph.

guns, horses, ammunition, etc., to the Confederate officer in charge. We marched next morning and reached Fayetteville in due time.

The captain had intended to preserve the organization all the way home; but a little incident of the last night at Elm Springs, influenced him otherwise. About two or three o'clock in the morning after the muster out, the camp was aroused by the report of a cannon, very near. In an instant every man was on his feet, wondering if the enemy was upon us. The captain saw through it instanter, and immediately sent a sergeant to arrest and keep under guard Blank and Blank. By their own admissions the right men were in custody. That was the captain's part of the joke. A little private named Meyer from Hot Spring county was on post that night. Blank and Blank had secured the assistance, (or in collusion with) the sentinel at the guns in park, who went off as Meyer went on duty as sentinel, to ram a blank cartridge into the gun and inserted a friction primer in the vent, to which a long string was attached. When Meyer had walked a few beats, late at night, just as he had passed the gun, it was discharged. He was almost paralyzed, and did not recover his wits for several days. The perpetrators of the joke were among the best soldiers of the company, in the line of promotion. Considering the matter seriously. the captain concluded it would be best to let each man find his way home as best he could from Fayetteville, as Smithee said at Keittsville "living on the country." They had acquired glory enough to make the trip, he thought. He had no legal control over them, and would be merely keeping all

together for their own comfort and convenience—if they misbehaved to his own injury. The Meyer case, he thought, was an illustration of what the discipline would be on the way home. His occupation was gone. The march was extended to Fayetteville the next day, where the public property was turned over to Colonel T. C. Hindman, as directed. In the note below is a copy of the receipt therefor.*

From Fayetteville the boys made their way as best they could to Van Buren. At the latter place they used every imaginable conveyance to Little Rock—by horse, wagon, skiff or other boat and in some cases as "foot passengers," with an occasional lift from people going their way. They were persona grata everywhere and with everybody. The captain, with Lieutenants Reyburn and Bennett, got home by the horse-back method, stopping by invitation a night below Van Buren, with Colonel

*(Col. Hindman's receipt to Woodruff) attached. See also note to appendix.

PULASKI ARTILLERY.—List of property turned over to Col. Hindman September 2, 1861, by Capt. Woodruff:

Two 12-pound Howitzers (bronze) and equipments; two 6-pound guns and equipments; four caissons; one battery wagon, one forge wagon, twenty-nine sets artillery harness, five sets wagon harness, nine saddles, nine bridles, one set carpenter's tools, one set blacksmith tools, one keg powder, one lot iron and steel, assorted, one grind stone and gearing, thirty-four wagon spokes, nine fellies, one can neat's fot oil, one lot buckles and nails, one lot beef tallow, three sheepskins, one box black lead, nine picks, one dozen bridle bits, one lot extra harness in battery wagon, nine spades, two forks, three horse collars (extra), three Jack screws, eight axes, three sponge heads, one rammer head, one box horse medicine, one box battery equipment, one box currycombs and brushes, fifty-six horses.

"Received of W. E. Woodruff, Jr., Captain Pulaski Artillery, the articles mentioned in the foregoing list, being part of ordnance, etc., transferred by the State of Arkansas to Confederate States. These articles are not in first-class condition, but have been used in the State service during the existing war. (Duplicates.)

(Signed) "T. C. Hindman, Col. C. S. A."

Emzy Wilson, one of the earliest settlers of Little Rock, and a very early acquaintance, to thank him in person for his goodness in supplying two of the officers with excellent horses when they started north from Van Buren.

In the last days of September, after five months of hard service, the staunch old company passed into history, as far as the writer's memory is capable of recalling its story. Barring the recruiting officer's scrutiny before enlistment in time of peace, eighty better subalterns and men never organized in any volunteer service. Some bad feeling was inevitable, from time to time, between officers suddenly exalted and men starting from the same level, out of changed conditions, but it is doubtful if in any service the same number of men ever associated longer in a business new to all, more harmoniously and with less jar, than this company of men and boys drawn from every calling. There never was a difficulty or exigency or tangle in their affairs, in which the ability, and fortitude and disposition to overcome or unravel it, were not forthcoming on call. They never failed to do anything not impossible in the line of their soldierly duties; in fact, in later business life, in the vocations in which he became engaged, it was easy for their captain to select from among its ranks a proper man for any emergency or station to be filled, who was equal to the duty always—so well remembered were the

qualities and characteristics displayed in military service by his old men. Uniformly since their discharge, there never was a company who, as a whole, treated their former captain more kindly, and certainly there never was a captain who was prouder of his old company. That fact is the sole—if selfish—ground upon which this screed is given to the public.

With him, as he trusts with them all, truly long after these things transpired, it is delightful to recall them to memory.

They had sounded the gamut of military emotions from its highest to its lowest note. They had had one day of the very best of gunning, and had reached the deepest depths of sorrow in the loss of favorite comrades. For the present, of fighting, to use the Arkansas vernacular, "they had had a plenty." What they now needed for a time was, above all things.

A REST.

By the end of the month, the whole company was home again, many willing and anxious after a rest, to enter the service again. Quite a number became officers, as they deserved to be, and as it was the policy of their old captain, they should—when opportunity offered in other companies—for which they would be qualified, some by military schooling at St. John's college, and others by drill and actual experience in the Pulaski battery. Among these it is a great pleasure, and there is a certain pride, in mentioning the names of Captain Wm. P Parks, who, after the death of Captain Hoadley of the famous heavy battery at Vicksburg, succeeded the latter in command. He was a volunteer in the successful run of the Confederate ram, Arkansas, from Yazoo river to Vicksburg, past the Federal fleet and batteries, in 1863. Captains Dave Wright, Richard Banks, Wm. C. Osborne, George A. Merrick, W D. Blocher, H. C. West, J. G. Marshall, Harper Jones, C. B. Watkins, and Lieutenants Anderson Mills, James Cook, Edward Visart, W R. Douglass, Walter Stillwell, Hugh Allison, A.

Mears, and S. L. Upchurch, who became officers of other organizations (or of the new company), in infantry and artillery service. Other names there are equally deserving, which are not recalled at the date of writing.

WEAVER LIGHT BATTERY
C. S. A.

Roster and Roll of "Weaver Light Artillery," C. S. A., Recruited in December, 1861, Under Authority of Gen. Albert Pike, C. S. A.

Officers at organization:

Wm. E. Woodruff, Jr., Captain, P. Major Battalion.
Henry C. West, First Lieutenant.
Wm. D. Blocher, First Lieutenant (Jr.), Sr. First Lieutenant, vice West, T.
James Cook, Second Lieutenant, P. First Lieutenant, vice Blocher, P.; R.
Capt. Joseph Stillwell, A. A. Q. M. & C.
J. N. Smithee, First Lieutenant and Adjutant Battalion.
Jordan, A. A. Surgeon.

Officers subsequently:

Wm. R. Douglass, E. Second Licutenant, vice Cook, Ad. Sr. First Lieutenant.
J. G. Marshall, E. Captain, vice Woodruff, P. Major.
A. Mears, E. First Lieutenant, vice Cook, R.
Hugh Allison, E. Second Lieutenant.
J. V. Zimmerman, Captain, after consolidation, with Marshall's.

Non-Commissioned Officers and Privates.

Alams, Ben W.
Adams, J. G.
Allison, Hugh, E. 2d Lieut.
Barnes, B. Frank—D.
Baldwin, James.
Baldwin, H. T.
Black, Ben.
Bledsoe, Alf.
Bender, Walter.
Bennett.
Bernard.
Bittner, D.—B.
Bricelin, Milo.
Borland, George.—D.

* **Abbreviations.**—Ad.—Advanced; Art.—Artificer; B.—Bugler or Musician; C.—Corporal; D.—Died at home or in hospital; K.—Killed in battle; P.—Promoted from ranks; O. S.—First Sergeant; S.—Sergeant; T.—Transferred to another company; W.—Wounded in battle; R.—Resigned.

Brodie, Robert—Art.
Brodie, J. K.
Brodie, Renton.
Brown, Joseph.
Buck, Charles.
Bunch, William.
Bushnell, William.
Button, C. E. "Billy."—S.-T.
Byrd, John.
Cavanaugh, Tom.—S.
Cavanaugh, George.
Crane, Charley.
Crane, George.
Clopton, Art.
Davenport, Calvin.
Davenport, Richard.
Davis, John W.
Davidson.
Davis, John H.
Davis. Wm. R.
Devlin, L.
Douglas, Wm. R., E. 2d Lieut.
Ducker, J. L.
Durr, John.
Elliott, Frank.
Englebright, J.
Fenton, Preston.
Fitzgerald, Wm. J.
Fletcher, R.—D.
Fletcher, H. L. Jr.
Fletcher, T. J.
Fletcher, David.
Fones, Alvin Thomas.
Foster, Edward.
Foust, E. S.
Frazier.
Garritt, Wm. R.
Geyer, George.
Gibbon Ed.
Graves, Richard.
Galloway, Walter.
Green, Thomas.
Griffith. Chas.
Griffith, Joseph.
Griswell—B.
Halliburton, Harry H.—S.
Halliburton, Thos.
Hardy, Hugh.
Hardy, Robert.
Hardy, James.
Harney—D.
Hatfield, D. M.
Henry, Frank.
Henry, W. W.
Hicks, John L.
Hill, Frank.
Isham, Charles.
Imbeau, Julian.
James, ——.
Jenning's, Richard L., Jr.
Joiner, W. J.
Jones.

Kimbell, Jos. W.—S.
Kuykendall, M.
Kuykendall, R.
Lewis, Didymus.
Lockhart, Wm.
Mahara, John.
Mahoney.
McCarthy, James.
McCorkle.
McGinty, J.
McKinney, John—Art.
McRight.
Marshall, John G., O. S., E.
Captain. R.
Millsaps.
Mills, Anderson.—S.
Moore, J. M.
Mears, A.—S.; E. 1st Lt.
Moore, J.—W.
Morris, James M.
Morris, W. N.
Milliron, J.
Morrow, R. W
Mulanphy.
Nelson, Jas. A.—Art.
Newbern, Ben.
O'Donnell, Dennis—T.
Palmer, Chas.
Parks, John.
Oliver.
Parker, David W.
Pennington, David.
Pinkerton, Richard.—W.
Reynolds, John.
Richards, Wm.
Smith, Ad. F.
Smith, J.
Sliney, Joseph.
Smithee, J. N.
Schultz, Andrew A.
Stillwell, Henry—D.
Stillwell, Walter—T.
Tilley, Louis.
Thuma.
Traywick, A. C.—Art.
Upchurch, S. W.
Vaughan, F. T.—W.
Vaughan, James L.
Visart, Ed S.
Walls.
Williams, F. S.—S.

About the 1st day of November, 1861, Captain Woodruff received authority from General Albert Pike, commanding the Indian Department, the same position held by General Ben McCulloch, to recruit a light battery for the Confederate service, to be called "Weaver Artillery." He went into camp at Little Rock, with some thirty odd of his old men. Recruiting was slower than in the early enthusiastic stage of the war, and it was late in January, 1862, before the company was ready to march to the west. With a detachment he went to Devals Bluff, and took from the bank of the White River two light batteries of six bronze guns each, received from Richmond for General Pike, and sent them by rail to Little Rock, whence they started by steamer for Fort Smith. On account of low water, they were partly unloaded at Dardanelle. The company, about eighty men, rank and file, left Little Rock with some horses, and secured others at Dardanelle.* There the battery was outfitted partially. Thence the command went overland to Fort Smith, by all methods of transportation available. Drill was commenced while in camp at Little Rock, and continued at Dardanelle and Fort Smith, where late in February the outfitting and ammunition supply was completed.

It was impossible to complete the work and to reach General McCulloch, with whom Pike was, in time to participate in the battle of Elk Horn, which occurred on March 6th and 7th. Major Geo. W

Among these, by what accident is not known, was discovered and recognized by our old men, the horse "Sigel," who was captured from Essig's Battery at Oak Hill—a light iron gray or dapple. He did good service with the battery until it reached Hot Springs, on the return from Fort McCulloch. On the last day's march he was overcome by the heat and had to be abandoned.

Clarke, Qr. Mr. C. S. A., was in command at Fort Smith. After news of the Elk Horn fight, he ordered the command to cross the river at Van Buren and effect a junction with McCulloch's forces, which were falling back to the south in considerable disorder. We crossed at Van Buren and went up to the Cove Creek road, above Oliver's where we met Greer's Texas cavalry regiment, coming south, under Major Ross, who ordered us to follow him back. Returning, we stopped at Van Buren a day and night, with a detachment, to receive the bodies of Generals McCulloch and McIntosh, both slain at Elk Horn. They were delivered to us at Wallace & Ward's storerooms in Van Buren. Their bodies were prepared for burial there, and interred in the government cemetery at Fort Smith (now a National cemetery). They were conveyed to the graves on two caisons of the battery, and buried with military honors. McCulloch's body later was disinterred and taken to Texas. McIntosh's body, it is believed, is still at Fort Smith, marked by a handsome monument. The State of Arkansas owes a debt of gratitude to these famed officers, and they deserve each a memorial as high as the name of a county, when the increase of population justifies such establishment. These two were the bravest men the writer ever knew. They lost their lives through sheer excess of courage, and in doing duties which should have been assigned to less important men.

At Fort Smith First Lieutenant H. C. West received intelligence that he had been elected captain of a new Desha county battery, and proceeded to Dardanelle, where his guns were, to join and outfit

his new command. Wm. R. Douglass was elected to fill the vacant second lieutenancy occasioned by the promotion of West; at the same time W D. Blocher becoming senior and James Cook junior first lieutenants.

After Elk Horn, General Van Dorn, in chief command, established headquarters at Van Buren. The orders of the Weaver battery were "to report to General Pike at the North Fork Town," in the Nation. Upon exhibition of the order to him, Van Dorn curtly said, "Then report to General Pike." The rest of McCulloch's army was shortly moved east of the Mississippi river, to our great disappointment. Dawson's regiment, infantry, Corley's company of cavalry, and the Weaver battery, were all the Arkansas troops left west of the Mississippi river. The captain advised Major Clark at Fort Smith of his purpose to move to North Fork Town at once. Clark requested him to remain at Fort Smith a day or two to aid him in some business matters, but the Weaver battery under conduct of First Lieutenant Blocher, marched for North Fork that morning.

Two days later I started alone on horse-back to overtake it by the direct route through Scullyville, and the San Bois country. While riding around a short bend in the road, just at Scullyville on the east side, I came plump upon a light battery of artillery, which I first thought was Blocher, but soon saw they were in full United States uniform, taking their nooning in the edge of the town. As I was among them before realizing it, for a moment I was dazed and took it for a Federal battery, part of a force in pursuit of General Pike, or endeavor-

ing to get to Fort Smith from the west. Very soon I learned better. It was a regular battery that went over to the Confederates in southwest Texas, and enlisted as a whole, and had started to join General McCulloch. It was in command of Captain James Edgar who, a citizen of Texas, had been formerly an orderly sergeant, and was very influential with the men of the battery. After explanations, the officers were very much amused when I told of my fears. In a few minutes their bugle sounded and the battery and I moved on our respective routes. That night, fearful of losing the way, was spent in a clump of woods. The country seemed deserted. The houses of the Indians, as a rule, were distant from the road. Next morning the destination intended for the night before on the San Bois, was reached, a good breakfast had, and a pleasant talk with the Indian host, after which the route was resumed and the battery overtaken as the last baggage wagons were fording the quicksands of the Canadian.

At North Fork General Pike had left instructions for the batery to follow him south and join at Fort McCulloch, on Blue River, eight or ten miles east of old Fort Washita. The route was resumed next morning and prosecuted diligently a few days, until we joined the main army in one of the prettiest camps within experience. It was on ground, as was later learned, on which was fought a battle with the confederated wild tribes, by General Matthew Arbuckle, about 1828 or 1829, in which General Pike was a participant—volunteer.

From arrival, the battery drilled diligently at the piece and in the battery movements, several hours

daily, and soon became expert in all the manoeuvers. The improvement was much more rapid than with the old company—half of the men and all of the officers being already experts, which gave the officers relief from the drudgery of squad drills. In about two weeks Captain Henry C. West arrived, with his fine new battery, and camped with us in battalion order. Captain West was an accomplished officer. By orders, a battalion was created, of which the senior captain was placed in command, and as was afterwards learned, recommended for promotion. First Lieutenant Blocher became commander of the Weaver battery, while its captain was detached. An adjutant became necessary, and Sergeant J. N. Smithee was recommended for the position of first lieutenant and adjutant of the battalion.

General Pike's command, besides Colonel Dawson's infantry, Corley's cavalry and the artillery from Arkansas, was composed of several Texas regiments of infantry and cavalry, under Colonels Robert Taylor, Alamarine Alexander and other colonels, and the Indian troops. The last were not much in camp, but were within easy call at points not distant. Soon after camp was established, General Pike commenced the erection of an earthwork named Fort McCulloch, which was built by daily details of working parties from all commands, artillery included. It was rather distasteful occupation, but the duty was performed faithfully, if grumblingly.

After a month the senior captain concluded the horses should be familiarized with the racket of actual firing, and without asking permission from

headquarters, treated the whole camp to a surprise one morning by exercising the gun drill with blank cartridges, by piece, by section, by half battery and by battery. Instantly the prairie, which formed a great part of the general camp, was as full of astonished soldiers—Texas, Arkansas and Indian, as a prairie dog town is of its denizens, which they made it resemble. General Pike scolded the commander good naturedly for the "indiscretion," as he termed it, but was easily persuaded it was better to stampede the army when there was no danger, than to have the batteries go to pieces when the enemy was before it.

A few days later there was a large delegation in camp from the wild and roving tribes of the commander's Indian allies—Kiowas, Comanches and several other tribes, who had been summoned to council by General Pike, some time previously It was a wonderful thing to see them as they sat in a semi-circle in front of General Pike's large office tent all day long, gazing at his striking and majestic person, as he sat writing, or reading and smoking. They seemed to reverence him like a God. The wild Indians were very inquisitive and were suffered to wander through camp at their own pleasure. Male and female, afoot or on horse-back. These Indian ladies all used two stirrups in riding. Next to General Pike's fine person, the bronze guns of West and Blocher was the chief center of attraction. Both sexes fairly swarmed in and about the artillery camps, and the squaws and girls soon captivated the young men of the battallion. Everything bright or gaudy in appearance or color, neckerchiefs, handkerchiefs and such like were speedily

in their possession. One (future) county judge I know was signally despoiled. By some means, the report of the gun firing a few days previous had come to their knowledge, and the whole wild lot desired to hear the report of the guns and see the effect of shell and shot. Accordingly, before the council adjourned, the general ordered a section to be taken to the outskirts of the camp, and a few solid shot, shells, shrapnel and canister fired for their delectation. The effect on an old chief standing near the officer commanding the firing party, was amusing. His face had about as much expression as a raw-hide or grindstone, until the first shell exploded about one-fourth of a mile distant. The chief turned to the officer, all wonder and astonishment, and holding up two fingers said: "Him shoot twice," then relapsed as if ashamed, into the grindstone stage. That the chief understood English was a great surprise to the officer. These wild people had a bountiful provision of buffalo meat and tongues, bows and arrows, and many curious trinkets with them, and drove quite a profitable commerce with our men. The officers laid in a good supply of buffalo tongue, some of which was brought home a little later. Lewis Tilly of Blocher's, bought the smallest adult pony any of us had seen, and was permitted to bring him along, as Captain Stillwell, acting commissary, said: "His stomach capacity is too small to affect the commissary's accounts, and grass is free." The men sent out to graze the herd daily on the prairie, told remarkable tales about the abundance and size of rattle snakes. If anybody is curious about them, he is respectfully

referred to Sergeant Billy Button, at the Soldier's Home, for full particulars.

At Ft. McCulloch, Capt. Wm. Quessenbury, chief q. m., who at that day was to Arkansas, what Mark Twain is now to the rest of the world, got up one of the greatest jokes known in financial history. There were no Confederate notes of less denomination than $5.00. He got hold of a lot of marble and wall paper, and had change tickets printed on the light side to supply the needs of the army in small transactions. It was redeemable on presentation in sums of $5.00 or over. It was good money as long as it lasted—which owing to the weather's changes and other incidents was not long.

By permission of the general, I obtained leave, with one or two of the officers, to visit old Fort Washita, ten miles west, and was more than repaid for the trouble, if by nothing else, by the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Major Thomas Lanagin, commissary, in command, well known to old Arkansawyers. There were no defensive works at the fort, it being simply a military station with depot buildings for stores, arms, ammunition and clothes, and parade ground for temporary garrison use.

About the middle of June, General Pike received a letter from General Hindman, then commanding at Little Rock, directing him to order the Weaver battery to Little Rock for service. Pike's being an independent command, diplomatic as well as mili-

tary, he was loth to do so, but finally concluded he would take the sense of the company, and directed the captain to take measures accordingly. The company resolved unanimously to return home. The situation was distressing—Little Rock was threatened by the enemy. A very small Confederate force, under General Roane was there, and mail communication was difficult and infrequent. They greatly admired General Pike, and under altered circumstances at home, would have cheerfully remained. The battery immediately took the route via Boggy Depot, Doaksville, Fort Towson, Center Point, where a stop was made of two days; Murfreesboro and Hot Springs, where another rest was taken. This route was taken because the shorter and supplies more accessible than on the longer road by Washington.

On this march, one afternoon, after an early morning start, we camped on the bank of the Caddo, one of the most beautiful of streams. Dr. Jordon, our surgeon, had obtained leave to be absent from camp on the night and day before, having relatives and friends "a little off the road." Shortly after making camp he came in, and after a mysterious delay in his tent, joined the group of officers who tried to force him to give an account of himself. Blocher somehow disappeared. Jordan, who was evidently suspicious, suddenly jumped up and took after Blocher, as he emerged from the tent, with a pair of big saddle-bags in his grasp. The chase continued, around and through and up and down the camp for some time, to the great amusement of all, until Blocher, who was getting winded, headed for the bank of the creek, closely pursued,

and feeling that he could not hold out much longer, put all his strength into one cast and sent the saddle-bags whirling into the stream, 10 or 15 feet from shore. Jordan took to the water like a duck, and secured his property, after getting a thorough wetting. He returned sulkily to his tent for a dry suit. No one ever found out what the contents of the saddle-bags were, although hints and questions were fired at the doctor for weeks. The scene was very ludicrous and afforded so much amusement to the boys that the breach of discipline had to be overlooked.

At Hot Springs we tarried a day or two,camping opposite the residence of H. A. Whittington, at the foot of Hot Spring mountain.

We arrived at Little Rock sooner than was expected, in June. After a day or two there, rumors of efforts of the enemy on White river made it appear that an early movement of the enemy might be expected from that direction, toward Little Rock; and we were ordered over to Bayou Meto, and camped near the Pine Bluff road crossing on the north of that stream. A few days later we had hurry orders to return to Little Rock and camp three miles out on the southern military road near the Texas camp of General Nelson, and were instructed to place the battery bearing on the camp. It afterwards appeared that dissension was rife among the Texans of the camp and that an outbreak might occur. Nothing the captain knows ever did occur, and a few days later we were ordered to the vicinity of Devals Bluff, to help stay threatened attack by Federal gunboats on White river. Quite an affair occurred at St. Charles a day

or two previous to our arrival, which resulted in the destruction of a Federal gunboat, by a crew of naval men under command of Captain Fry (who later was assassinated by Spaniards at Santiago, Cuba,) and Captain Dunnington of the gunboat Ponchartrain (then lying at Little Rock). Some skirmishing had also occurred on the west side of White river, between troops landed by the gunboats and the commands of Colonel Anderson Gordon and Captain Pat. H. Wheat, which opposed them. The Federals, in a short while after this disaster, re-embarked and withdrew from the river.

This federal naval movement was in concert with Curtis' army at Batesville, who was expecting to make a junction with the Federal expedition at Clarendon. We camped north of Devals Bluff a day or two, then marched to Des Arc and camped at the east side of the town. Here General Albert Rust was in chief command. The Federals under Curtis were moving south from Batesville to Clarendon, there to mature plans for a movement against Little Rock. We remained at Des Arc two days, ferrying Texans and part of General Dandridge McRae's brigade, to which we were attached, across the river at the town ferry. At nine at night the captain was ordered to cross a section of artillery and move with McRae's brigade in the direction of Cotton Plant, where a meeting with Curtis was expected. Lieutenant James Cook's section was detailed for the service, and it, with a wagon, crossed the river on a flat boat with one oar. Lieut. Wm. R. Douglass also accompanied the section. A mule attached to the wagon became unruly and jumped overboard in the dark. The harness was

quickly detached from the swingles. He passed under the boat and swam to the south bank. He was returned by the next boat and took his place in the train. A hurried march toward Cotton Plant was made, guided by Colonel Haralson, a planter then residing near Cotton Plant.

The Texas cavalry at the head of the column were all new men to service and behaved badly when the enemy was found. The enemy's artillery opened on them at meeting, and they gave way a little short of Cotton Plant, if memory is correct. They returned in great disorder and high speed. Our doctor, who had gone forward in search of business, caught the infection, and so swift was his horse, he did not recognize his own comrades as he tried to follow the Texans, with flopping saddle bags. He was halted and told to take position with the rear section, ready to minister to any one who might get knocked from his horse by the Texans. The doctor was really a man of courage, but "lost his head" by example of the Texans. He had never been in action. He stayed where posted until we halted and went into battery to the rear, at a little creek which crosses the road, beyond which McRae's infantry formed line. The enemy's artillery came up and sent two investigating shots into the woods a little to our right. When General Rust asked the captain why he did not reply, he intimated he thought the enemy would have us located then, and probably it would be better to wait a little for him to come up, when we would have the benefits of the surprise. But the enemy pursued no further. McRae's command got back to the river and crossed to Des Arc. The Texans had al-

ready crossed. They swam the river, we were told. With experience, a little later, they became as good as any soldiers. Cook's section crossed after McRae, and got into camp in the court house yard, very tired with the night and day's work. As the battery went into park there, the team of the left gun straddled a yellow jacket's nest. It took some time for the captain to be made conscious of the fact, but Private Jno. H. Davis, of the wheel team, of No. 6 gun, under stress of circumstances, made an exception to the rule of "not talking back," and the captain subsided, and drew the battery far enough back to accommodate Private Davis' views and the yellow jackets' homestead.

In point of fact, the army of Curtis ran east, while ours went west. The little opposition we gave at Cotton Plant, however, had the effect to change Curtis' plans. He went to Helena instead of Clarendon, as was the original purpose. On the whole campaign we were victors, which is not much of a claim.

We remained in camp between Des Arc and Devals Bluff until about September, when demonstrations of the enemy in Northwestern Arkansas led to a movement of General McRae's brigade in that direction, via old Austin, across the Cadron, through Springfield in Conway county, etc., to the vicinity of Ozark, in Franklin county. At Springfield the battery laid by a day for shoeing horses and repairs. An amusing incident occurred here. An old-time citizen and friend of whom I thought a great deal, came to my camp and made complaint

that some of my men had depredated on his sweet potato patch. The whole infantry command had passed his patch the day before, without disturbing it. I asked him what the amount of the damage was. He said about $8. I paid him the amount out of my own pocket, in Confederate money. He then asked that a guard be placed at his patch. I directed accordingly. We moved early next morning, and as we passed the patch a mile or so from camp I saw Private Jno. L. Hicks on guard. Later on I heard the boys thought the captain had paid too much for the potatoes, and took steps to see that the company got the worth of his money. He never had any further bill for potatoes. Perhaps Private (now Judge) Frank T. Vaughan could tell something about this business transaction.

On this march through what was then Conway county, we camped near the residence of the late Jonathan Hardin for a night. The old gentleman invited me and some of my officers not on duty to take supper with him. We went, and had a supper worthy of better times in old Arkansas. Before breakfast next morning, a servant of Mr. Hardin brought to my tent an excellent ham and shoulder and two sides of bacon, home-made, with Mr. Hardin's compliments to my officers and me. I relate this merely because of certain evil reports circulated in the newspapers a year or so ago about Mr. Hardin and his home. While he was alive, he bore

a reputation second to no man in Arkansas for hospitality and good citizenship. He and his brother Joab were very early citizens of the territory, coming with the first American settlers. He or his brother was a member of the first territorial legislature.

From Springfield we passed west by Dover and Clarksville to near Ozark, and then turned north by Cass (Grimaldi Saddler's old place), toward the War Eagle, a fork of the White river, camping at Saddler's, October 22, 1862. That night it snowed and turned very cold; the next morning there was two or three inches of snow on my blanket; but it was protected by a rubber piano cover given me by Mrs. Wm. R. Miller, when the Weaver battery first started for the west, early in the year. For that night's comfort (as on many other nights) in wet and cold, I was indebted to her kindness.

We were now near the northern line of Franklin county. The enemy had passed the State line, or Fayetteville and were reported moving south. Marmaduke and Fagan had been opposing them with cavalry, and were on the War Eagle, falling back in expectation of drawing them so far, McRae's men could co-operate and reinforce them sufficiently to attack. On the morning of the second day's march from Saddler's, a few miles below Huntsville, there was skirmishing. The Weavers went into battery once and was ready to take part,

but they never came—returned to Missouri or Fayetteville. Here I met my old friend and Lieutenant, Captain Henry C. West, after a long separation. He introduced me to Peach and Honey It has been considered a good thing ever since. His battery was attached to the cavalry after Pike's quarrel with Hindman. General Shoup now assumed command of the division. We returned and crossed the Arkansas river below Ozark by fording, a proceeding which proved much less hazardous in performance than it appeared to be before going into the water. I am afraid some of our ammunition would have been wetted in crossing had it not been for the kindly warning of General Shoup before undertaking. We moved thence to Mazzard Prairie, where we went into winter quarters.

THE BATTALION.*

Roster and Roll of Blocher's Light Battery

At organization, and subsequently till consolidation, etc.:

Capt. W. D. Blocher.

Sr. First Lieutenant James Cook, R.

Jr. First Lieutenant J. V. Zimmerman E. Captain, vice Blocher, promoted.

Second Lieutenant, Ed Visart (E), Sr. First Lieutenant, vice Zimmerman, Ad.

Officers subsequently:

S. L. Upchurch (E), First Lieutenant, vice Zimmerman, promoted.

Walter Stillwell (E), Second Lieutenant, vice Visart, P. of War.

A. A. Surgeon, Dr. Harris.

*WOODRUFF'S BATTALION, C. S. A., was composed originally of the following Arkansas Light Batteries:

Capt. John G. Marshall's Battery—First Lieutenants W. R. Douglass and A. Mears, and Second Lieutenant Hugh Allison, of Pulaski County.

Capt. Henry C. West's Battery—First Lieutenants D. J. Murphy, John Brooks, Pete DuMay, of Desha County.

Later this was detached or assigned temporarily from Arkansas.

Capt. W. D. Blocher's Battery—First Lieutenants James Cook and J. V. Zimmerman, Second Lieutenants Ed Visart, Walter Stillwell and S. L. Upchurch, of Pulaski County.

While Woodsruff was major of the battalion the following named light batteries were assigned to his command from time to time, and were treated and styled as companies of his battalion while under his command.

Capt. W. H. Etter's Battery of Hempstead county; Lieut., DeLoney.

Capt. Pratt's Texas Battery; First Lieutenant, Hynson.

Capt. J. M. Daniels' Texas Battery; First Lieutenant, Sam J. Wright.

Capt. J. Edgar's Texas Battery of Lamar County, and Capt. C. Tilden's Missouri Battery; First Lieutenants, L. W. Kingsland, Alex A. LeSueur; Second Lieutenant, Ed Chappell. Kingsland later became Captain.

Capt. Ruffner's Missouri Battery.

This statement does not include the Pulaski Arkansas Militia Volunteer Battery or the Volunteer Bull Battery of Capt. W E. Woodruff and First Lieut. Anderson Mills in September, 1863.

Non-Commissioned Officers and Privates.

Amos,
Brantley, J. K., O. S.
Bass, David.,
Bryant, Ogden, S.
Byrd, John, S.,
Brantley, John S.,
Benton,
Cheatham, David,
Cain, Patrick,
Call, Thomas,
Cavanaugh, Thomas,
Casson,
Catharina, Sol., W.
Carpenter, Wm.,
Choate, C. W.,
Clary, S. B., W.
Cochran,
Coleman,
Conn, John. K.,
Cox, H. J., W.,
Dunnaway, M. D., W.,
Davis, John H., S.,
Davis, Henry,
Dawson, David, S.,
Dickey, C.,
Fitzpatrick, Peter, C.,
Fore, David,
Fryar, Thomas,
Gallagher, A. J.,
Gallagher, Larry,
Garvin, Martin,
Gibbons, Thomas,
Glover, Thomas,
Griffith,
Grady, Patrick,
Hillborn, Louis C., W.
Hill, Joseph.
Hogan,
Hurst, Thomas,
Johnson, John.
Johnson, E., W.,
Keel, James, W.,
Leach, J., K.
McComas, W.,
McCraw, John,
McGehee, Thomas,
McKinzie,
Maddox, John,
Martin, Charles,
Martin, James,
Martin, W.,
Pickler,
Rosenberg,
Ross, Thomas, S.
Sanders,
Tucker, Hardy, W.,
Thomas, C.,
Tyree, W.
Whiteley, George,
Wilson, Daniel,

In addition to the above list of names are the following, found on the roll of the consolidated battery (Marshall's and Zimmerman's),* which are not remembered by the writer as belonging to Marshall's battery at the date of his promotion. It is probable that some of these belong to Marshall's old company, and many to Blocher's:

Bass, David,
Brim,
Bender, Walter,
Collins, David,
Claude,
Cousey,
Crawson,
Dodson,
Dunn, John,
Frazier,
Fuqua,
Gardner,
Garrett, John,
Graves, Thomas,
Hadfield, Hardy,
Hardy, John F.,
Hainey,
Hawkes, George,
Hutchinson,
Kimball, John S.,
Jones,
Kemp,
Lancaster,
Langford,
Mays,
May,
McClarke,
McLaughlin,
Ray,
Rhea,
Savage,
Schultz, Thomas,
Sawyer,
Thompson,
Walker, Thomas,
Wilkes, George,
Wilkes, J. T.,
Williams, Henry,
Winkles, George,
Young,
Younger.

On the march west to Ozark, I received a commission as major of artillery from Richmond (which had been following me ever since I left General Pike), with orders to report to him for duty. This was wholly unsolicited and unexpected on my part, as the only position I had ever applied for, that of

* Thanks are due J. K. Brantley for these rolls.

captain, had been refused in October, '61, at Richmond. Before accepting, the matter was reported to General Hindman, with a request to be allowed to accompany the War Eagle expedition; this was granted. After going into camp at Mazzard, I was assigned to duty as chief of artillery of Shoup's afterwards Fagan's division, and my limited effects were removed to headquarters. John G. Marshall, first lieutenant, succeeded me as captain of the Weaver battery. My command consisted now of West's, Blocher's and Marshall's batteries, according to seniority.

During November the enemy made a cavalry foray south of Fayetteville, and pretty much all of our division crossed the Arkansas and went up the Fayetteville road some thirty or forty miles. Except occasional skirmishes, nothing serious occurred and we returned to camp, south of the river. In a preceding paragraph it is stated the army forded the Arkansas after returning from the War Eagle expedition; possibly it was at the end of this march from up the road toward Fayetteville. The fording occurred in point of fact—memory is defective.

In the last days of November the enemy were reported in numbers in southwestern Missouri, evidently intending to cross the Arkansas line and re-inforce the command at Fayetteville. Our army was instantly put in motion, with Major General Hindman in command. We crossed the river and

moved to the north in the direction of Fayetteville. I was now with my three batteries attached to Shoup's division, which moved up the Lee's creek and White river roads, finally camping at Morrow's two or three days, until the 6th. On the morning of the 7th of December, we broke camp and marched in the direction of Cane Hill. As we progressed there were signs of a sharp, running cavalry fight by Marmaduke, where the road forked —to Cane Hill to the west and Fayetteville to the east via Prairie Grove. Part of Marmaduke's command moved towards Cane Hill, the rest continued to the east. The Federals got much the worst of it in the morning fight. Several dead and wounded men were left and a few prisoners taken. Shoup took the road east via Prairie Grove, a little hamlet with a church of that name in the middle. Here West's battery was temporarily transferred by General Shoup to Marmaduke. The division passed on a mile or so to the crest of the hill overlooking the Illinois valley There the head of column halted. General Shoup, with my adjutant Smithee, and myself, rode down to the foot of the hill, past the large two-story residence that then stood at the left of the road to Fayetteville. There we also found two or three dead and wounded Federals, in the corners of the worm fence on the left. I shall never forget the appearance of one of them, a large fine looking fellow, shot through the head, his face al-

ready black, who was kicking like a freshly slaughtered hog. Here Shoup met an aide, I think, of Marmaduke, who had been forward towards the river. He reported to General Shoup that the enemy had partly halted, and reinforcements were coming up rapidly. General Shoup, in the morning ride had given us to understand that he wanted to cross the Illinois river and fight beyond it, so as to have water behind him available to the troops; also that he would himself take charge of the artillery for the day.

Just as Shoup was starting back for the crest of the hill, to bring up his division, another aide, I do not now recollect who, rode up and spoke to him. The general as if reluctant, replied "all right; though ——" He turned to Smithee and said, "Go back to the top of the hill and tell (General McRae, I think), to form the infantry in echelon, by regiments." To me he said, "Go back and post the first of your batteries you meet on the edge of the hill, near the little farm house, one-eighth to a quarter of a mile to the right." I galloped back to the top of the hill and met Blocher's battery just arriving, and went with it to the position designated, and Blocher went into battery behind a worm fence, which screened the battery from observation. He was directed to destroy it before firing. In a few minutes an enemy's battery opened on Blocher. The first shot mortally wounded one of his men.

Feeling the effect the casualty would have on his men if left idle, he was directed to reply. A heavy cannonade was continued from both sides. Thinking the sound from the guns would sufficiently notify the general that B was in position, I remained with him. One of B's officers advised me to dismount, but I rode to the left of Blocher's battery and took a position of observation.

An old wagon shed or stable stood at the foot of the hill, half way between Blocher's left and the two-story house. A party of infantry sent to support Blocher was gradually filing into this, one by one, considering it as a safe place. I told them they had better keep their distances in line away from the shed; but they all went in. About that time two or three shells tore through the shed and exploded. The men got out in short order. Their exit reminded me of a tall chimney falling upon the crowd at a fire and the scatteration of the crowd. They soon got back to their proper places and duties on the line. Then I observed the advance of the line of the enemy's infantry skirmishers, over towards the river, and made back to our own infantry line to report the movement to them(and did so, but failed to find General Shoup where he had appointed.) As I got to the road Marshall's battery reached the crest of the hill from the west.

I told him to hold his battery back of the crest sufficiently to shelter him from the enemy in case of firing, and to await orders.

Earlier it was observed that General Marmaduke had placed West's battery at the foot of the hill, to the left of the road, looking east, near the large house. The fire of several Federal batteries was soon concentrated on him, and his loss in men and animals was quite heavy. I saw one or more shells pass through the gable of the house and explode.

While I was waiting for General Shoup at the road as he had directed, General Marmaduke rode up. I asked for General Shoup's whereabouts. He did not respond, but asked me what had become of West's battery. I reminded him that it had been transferred to him at the church village, and said I did not know. In the general noise of the fight, and as it was not under my supervision, the silence of West's guns was unobserved by me. He said it had been moved without orders. Then he said: "Let's go, and see if it has gone to the left." We rode a furlong or so along the ridge of the hill to the left of the house, without finding West, the shells of several batteries bursting all about us. Presently the General said: "We had better be getting out of this—it is getting pretty hot." Both turned instantly; just then a shell burst to our left, a piece striking my left thigh, making a bad bruise, but not breaking the skin. "I am hit, General,"

I said. He made no reply, (I don't know if he heard), but continued ahead to the starting point. Then he said: "Captain Blocher, you had better return to your battery;" I told him who I was, and he said "Then go to General Shoup." I returned on the infantry line to the right of Captain Blocher's battery, to where the advancing enemy came in sight. Just then the infantry line opened a tremendous fire to which our infantry responded. Sergeant O'Donnell, of Blocher's, came riding back asking for orders for the battery. I directed him to tell the Captain to commence firing canister. Returning to the lines I found Generals Hindman and Shoup, together, the first of whom sent me to the left and south to see if there was any of the enemy approaching from the direction of Cane Hill. In the meantime the opposing infantry were heavily engaged all along Shoup's line. I returned and reported nothing serious from the direction of Cane Hill. The General then directed me to find Marshall's battery and post it at an angle with the late line of battle, some distance to the right. This I did, but there was no further assault by the enemy.

The battle was won and the enemy withdrew from the field. In the orchard or field to Blocher's right, the fight had been very heavy and the loss of both sides great. Blocher had been driven from his guns and several of his men killed and wounded.

He was overwhelmed by numbers, and lacked support. Draft for horses was speedily made on the cavalry, his men collected and all made ready to move. The army had been on short rations of parched corn for two days. My own were about gone. A flag came in from the enemy asking leave to bury the dead and care for the wounded and a cartel was made. Only headquarters, and the cavalry as rear guard, remained, occupying the battle ground for several days.

There had been a concentration of the fire of several batteries on West, and he was crippled by the loss of men and horses. Being entirely without support, he was forced to withdraw. Marshall did not get an opportunity to fire a gun during the day, though he was ready at any moment and his men eager to fight.*

* The following is a correct list of the killed, wounded and missing of the artillery belonging to Second Division (Shoup's), on December 7, 1862, at Prairie Grove, as reported by the Chief of Artillery:

Casualties at Prairie Grove.

West's Battery, assigned temporarily to Gen. Marmaduke —Killed: First Sergeant John B. Whitsitt, Corporal H. T. Boatright, Private Peter Gallagher. Wounded: Privates Thomas J. Lane, left arm off; R. J. Irvin, slightly in face; Charles Clifton, slightly in leg and head. Missing: Private Albert Brooks.

Blocher's Battery—Killed: Privates Joseph Leech and John Conn. Wounded: Corporal A. Choate, arm off; Privates H. J. Cox, right arm off; M. D. Dunnaway, left hip; Louis Hillborn, left foot; James Keel, in the chest; —— Tyree, left hand off; Musician Sol Catharina, supposed fatally. Missing: Martin, wounded by fall of horse; Alex McComas, left arm off; S. B. Clary, left arm; Hardy Tucker, in breast. Missing: Ogden Bryant, Patrick Cain, David Cheatham, Peter Fitzpatrick, James Gibbons, Larry Gallagher, Patrick Grady, —— Hogan, E. W. Johnston, —— Sanders, Daniel Wilson.

Marshall's Battery—None killed, wounded or missing.

In the afternoon, General Shoup ordered Marshall and Blocher to withdraw from their positions quietly, and they followed their respective brigades during the night. I followed division headquarters down the Lee's creek (I think) road a distance of several miles, where it camped, and being thoroughly exhausted, went to sleep on the ground, not knowing when and where I should eat again. Seemingly only a moment later, a hand on my shoulder and the words "Breakfast, Major," waked me from a sleep almost as profound as death. The voice was that of Major J. W McConnaughey, of McRae's staff. The breakfast was barbecued pig and a cup of coffee; somebody, somehow, somewhere had found a pig and he was sacrificed to the demands of hunger, and made a most memorable and enjoyable meal. I still cherish that pig's memory.

The army marched slowly back to Van Buren. At the ferry I overtook Blocher's battery. The ferryman was objecting to Blocher's men crossing without a pass. Said he: "You have no right to cross without it." "No," said Blocher, "but I've got the men; drive on boys;" and they did and crossed. I explained to the ferryman my orders were to cross the batteries immediately. Marshall and Blocher went to their old camp at Mazzard and remained there until near the end of December.

Here the ammunition expended in battle, and the damage to the carriages and outfit in the campaign, made many things necessary that could not by supplied by the ordnance department at Fort Smith. Receiving orders from General Shoup to proceed to Little Rock and make suitable requisitions for the same, I did so, and returning put my horse on a steamer until within a few miles of, and got off at the mouth of Piney, to which point, I learned, the army was falling back and was camped near. Col. W F. Slemons, who joined me, and I arrrived at camp that evening.

During my absence the enemy's cavalry had made a sudden descent upon Van Buren, and finding two or three steamboats at the wharf captured one or more of them. The batteries were ordered out and posted on the south river bank, between Van Buren and the camp. West was placed opposite Van Buren, and ascertaining the boats were in the enemy's hands, he shellled one of them, the Frederic Notrebe, I think. A shot went through her steam pipe with the effect of badly scalding a large number of Federals and driving the rest from the boat. One or more of the boats escaped down the river it is believed. The last, disabled by West, I think was destroyed. This affair occurred late in December, in an effort of the enemy to hold our troops at the west, in support

of their movement from Vicksburg against Arkansas Post.

Near the end of 1862, threatening rumors of designs at Vicksburg, against Arkansas Post, were received and our army was headed towards Little Rock. Our division crossed and marched down on the north side of the river. The weather was bitter cold. Procceding toward Little Rock, on the night before the first of January, we camped at McCann's, where I received orders to go to Little Rock and make preparations for camp and shelter of teams. West had been permanently detached at Fort Smith, and assigned to the cavalry under Marmaduke. We did not meet again until the war was ended. During the night a tremendous rain fell which turned into snow before morning. I started in the morning and had proceeded past White Oak creek, where the condition of the roads was found such, that reluctantly, I awaited the arrival of the battalion, to help all I could in getting it forward to Little Rock. Marshall left one gun in the mud, two and one-half miles from the city, which was brought up next day by Lieutenant Zimmerman.

We crossed the river at Little Rock on a steamboat, and made camp for the men in two or three warehouses then on the wharf. It was well into the night before all this was done. It was a most miserable time for all. The horses were corralled

in the old Conway lot, then on the south side of Markham, between Ferry and Commerce streets. That night several of Marshall's horses froze to death.

McClernand and Sherman were then bombarding Arkansas Post, and a considerable army was immediately dispatched by steamers down the river to reinforce General Churchill, in command at Arkansas Post. We expected to have to go too, but were ordered to remain. It was a characteristic Holmes movement; a trip down the river and up again, a reversal of the famous march of the King of France—too late to be of any assistance to General Churchill. Before starting, General Fagan, then in command, selected quarters in the old arsenal office building, nearest the west gate. When he started, he instructed me to "permit no one to occupy the office or disturb his things till he got back. It was his headquarters." Next morning, Colonel Clark, of Missouri, took command of the post, and as was his right, selected this office for his headquarters, in person. I could not dispute his authority, but I repeated to him my orders. He was an excellent gentleman and had been very kind to me in the past years. He was for some years Congressman from Missouri, from his father's (John B. Clark, Sr.) old district. He let me hold the fort however until Fagan's return.

With the abandonment and return of Fagan

from the river expedition, artillery camp was established on the ridge east and fronting the residence (of today) of S. N. Marshall, where my command, Blocher's and Marshall's, reinforced from time to time, by Tilden's and Ruffner's Missouri, Etter's Arkansas and Edgar's Texas batteries, remained for the winter. For a few days Col. Province, lieutenant in Reed's old battery, was in command of the battalion.

As the cold weather passed and drilling time came, the artillery camp was moved to the ridge running south from St. John's College to the Gum Spring, which last was the source of water supply for the battallion. Here I was appointed chief of artillery by Gen. D. M. Frost, to whom command of the division was assigned, an especially pleasant service.

General Holmes signalized the opening of spring by a grand review to his own honor and glory. Everything was in the utmost state of unreadiness. I had no fears whatever, on account of Blocher's, Marshall's and Etter's efficiency or readiness. I was so taken with the fine body of men commanded by Tilden, that a great portion of my time was personally devoted to drilling them. They had been on the march nearly all the time since organization, and were not versed in the mounted drill. They soon attained a par with the older batteries. which is intended for high praise. During the

spring and summer besides the company drilling, a good deal of time was devoted to drilling Blocher's, Marshall's, Tilden's and Etter's batteries as a battallion, first moving slowly and then rapidly in all the evolutions of the battallion. This work was most creditable to them all, and did much to show their efficiency. Some weeks were devoted to this, being the first opportunity we ever had to join in it. There are no pleasanter recollections in army life than those of association with Captains Pratt, Daniels, Etter and Kingsland, (who succeeded Tilden) and Lieutenants Hynson, Wright, of Texas, and LeSueur, and Chappel of the Missouri batteries. All of them were strong men and brave soldiers. They and their comrades were leading men in their respective states and cities, and are successful and representative men in politics and every line of business and endeavor to-day. The officers of the Arkansas batteries need no further encomiums from me.

Three occasions of military execution occurred during the career of the company. One three miles south of Little Rock, near the old military road, in '62; one while encamped on the Mulberry, in Franklin county, in '62 or '63; and one south and east of Eighteenth street and Broadway, in '63. A strange thing it is that the circumstances under which we were encamped at the time cannot be recalled. I was by special orders to be present

in command of the company or battallion on each occasion—the last by order of Col. Province, Ch. Art., for the time being. This was the most disagreeable of all military duties that ever fell to my lot. I think five men in all were shot to death. It is hardly necessary to add that all of the victims belonged to other commands.

AFTER HISTORY.

After my promotion as major, in 1863, Marshall became captain of the Weaver battery. Some months after my resignation, Blocher became major, Zimmerman succeeded Blocher as captain. Both batteries lasted until the "surrender," prior to which time Marshall's was consolidated with Zimmerman's, under the command of the latter, and his officers.

During all the time the Weaver Battery was under me, it was brigaded or in division with the regiments composing the commands of Generals Pike, Rust, McRae, Shoup, Fagan and Frost, and in association with such famous regiments as had the names of Asa Morgan, Hart, John C. Wright, Pleasants, Pitts Yell, McNair, Hawthorne, Glenn, Cad, Polk, Sam Bell, and many others on the roll of field officers whose names memory will not give

up on call at this writing—all of them good officers and soldiers.

Last, but not least, was Capt. Cad. Hanks, adjutant general for both McRae and Fagan, who, as a gentleman and soldier deserves setting in a paragraph by himself.

Both batteries were at the battle of Helena,* and Zimmerman was at Pilot Knob, in the last Price raid into Missouri; they were both at Little Rock, at the fall thereof. West was separated from the battalion at Fort Smith after the battle of Prairie Grove, and moved later in Texas and Louisiana in the Red river campaign. The first two went south with the army from Little Rock, and participated in the affairs growing out of Steele's effort to form a junction with Banks in the vicinity of Camden, in 1864-5, at Prairie d' Anne and in northwestern Louisiana; also at Jenkins' Ferry, and possibly at Poison Spring and Marks' Mill. Kingsland, (who succeeded Tilden) LeSueur and Chapell, were also at the fight at Jenkins' Ferry, where I saw the good company last; as was also Ruffner's, another of my Misouri batteries. The

* The Weaver Battery had seven men wounded at Helena, July 4, 1863, five seriously and one Banks, it is supposed, mortally. Private Frank T. Vaughan, late judge of the Pulaski circuit and eminent at the bar, lost an arm and very nearly his life. Lieut. J. N. Smithee was struck by a spent ball. The other four names cannot now be ascertained.

Sometime after Woodruff's resignation, by orders, Marshall's and Zimmerman's were, designated the Third and Seventh Arkansas batteries, Fifth Battalion of Artillery, C. S. A., and later the two were consolidated.

last suffered heavily in men and horses. The details of the experiences of all should, and I hope will be written by some members of the several companies. I do not know how Etter was assigned with his fine company, nor its history after he left Little Rock.

At Jenkins' Ferry Steele could have been trapped under identically the same circumstances as at Little Rock. A small force on the north or east side of the Saline would have enabled it. It is supposed Gen. Smith didn't want the territory north of the Saline.

THE BULL BATTERY.

Early in September, 1863, I was requested by the military authorities at Little Rock, after Holmes was relieved and while Price was in command, to organize and drill a sufficient force to man a bronze Napoleon gun and a twenty-four pound bronze Howitzer, in possession of the ordnance officers, during the defense of Little Rock, against the expected attack of General Steele, from the direction of Clarendon. Horses were not to be had. So the chief quartermaster was "requisitioned" for a sufficient number of oxen, Texas brand, to move the section. They were secured and attached to the guns and caissons. The bull battery was stationed near the river bank, behind a natural parapet, three miles below the city on the south side of the river, at the old "Noland place." Among my volunteers, were First Lieutenant Anderson Mills, of Trigg's battery, on leave, a few members of my old militia company, and several citizens, exempt from, but willing for service. In a week the new men became adepts at the new business. Among them, I recall with pleasure the skill with which the late S. H. Tucker and H. D. Parker handled the gun implements, particularly the duties of "No. One."

On the morning of the 10th, the enemy appeared in force at Terry's ferry, on the north side of the

river, three or four miles below us, and began preparations to place a pontoon bridge. They stationed artillery (in plain view of our position), at the upper end of the loop forming the bend (duplicating the process I suppose at the lower end of the loop, out of sight), and commenced shelling the woods on the south side, covering the work of their bridge builders. We had a cavalry force under Col. Dobbins and Capt. Corley, I think, on the south bank, and west of Fourche, above its mouth. Soon, our forces from the north side were observed crossing the lower Confederate pontoon bridge, just above the J. B. Keatts (now Newton) place; and in little while also at the upper pontoon bridge, at the Little Rock wharf. It looked as if our military authorities were convinced the assault of the enemy would not be upon the earthworks Holmes had erected on the north side; or that they were going to abandon the town; and that whatever fighting was to be done, would be in our field, between Fourche and the town on south side of the river. To my uneducated mind it appeared that Steele could have been easily caught in the move he made, and cut off from all connection with his base on White river. He was in a veritable trap, his forces separated by the river. His move would bring the bull battery into the thick of it if a fight was to be made.

About 1 p. m., Fagan, several regiments and officers, and among them General Tappan and others, came down and passed below or remained with us. My bull section had been previously moved from the river and gone into battery on the south side of the road, behind a large drainage ditch and embankment which afforded defensive qualities. Blocher's battery arrived soon after and Fagan personally directed it to be placed immediately in front of my guns, instead of on either flank, as they might easily and should have been, mutually strengthening both. I told Blocher my bulls were not good at maneuvering, they were too new, and that when the ball opened, I should fire straight ahead if the aim should happen to lay that way, and that he must "look a liddle oud."

In a little while the enemy's shots and shells begun falling a little to the south of our line. Directly General Tappan withdrew, and the infantry and also Blocher received orders to withdraw. Dobbins' column fell back to our right, and then retired. It was now plain the town was to be abandoned without an effort. I had no orders from anybody to stay, retire or do anything, but I ordered Mills to limber up with the bulls, and follow the cavalry, "aid them if necessary, but above all, to save the guns." Such an achievement under such circumstances it was thought would be advantageous to him. He

did so, and did it well. He followed the army from the field behind the rear guard, south of Little Rock, and turned the guns over to the ordnance officers, and the bulls to the commissary, at Arkadelphia. Mills was first lieutenant of Trigg's battery, so assigned from Marshall's. He was acting captain for the new battery from its inception until the surrender. He deserved promotion for saving these guns unsupported, when it was the plain purpose of the authorities to abandon them. I don't know what became of the bulls afterwards; but as they did the Confederate States good service while alive, I suppose they continued to help support the army afterwards as "commissaries."

Our cavalry made a stand on the Keatts place, to enable the infantry to move through and out of Little Rock. Capt. Corley, of Helena, a brave soldier and Christian gentleman, was killed in the Keatts house-yard during the skirmishing. He commanded Corley's cavalry squadron, under General Pike.

AT LARGE.

After the withdrawal of the army from Little Rock, I hurried to my home on East Ninth street, and told my people good bye, loaded my impedimenta and some grub on my horse and with Woodson, my volunteer servant on a mule, and with the Emzy Wilson mare and her fine colt, started for the South and "Independence." A great smoke appeared to the northwest of town when I got to Rector avenue. The enemy's skirmishers behind were arrived at the Hanger place. Fearful the town was being fired, I went down to Markham and Main streets corner, and discovered that the smoke was caused by the burning of the gun boat Ponchartrain, (once the old fast Louisville and New Orleans liner, Lizzie Simmons), across the river, and Captain Jenks Brown's boat, Little Rock, at the south bank of the river just northeast of the State House. Both were totally destroyed. Satisfied there was little danger of destruction to the town, I made for the southern road, stopping at Mr. Tucker's at Second and Spring streets, to compliment him on his fine soldierly qualities as manifested in the past few days, and deplore his loss of a chance to fight, say good bye and take a cool drink, then South for any port.

That night Bob Stevenson, Woodson and I occu-

pied sleeping quarters with our horses in Colonel Arch Rutherford's calf pen near Collegeville, holding the reins of our horses. Mr. Rutherford had hospitably offered us more comfortable quarters which were declined for our horses' sake and for warranty of title to them. Next morning our appetites were stayed with cold victuals, with nothing for the animals; but passing Hon. J. H. Crease's place, a little in advance, we found growing the best crop of corn ever seen on the place; there we fed our horses and filled our saddle bags. Just as we were mounting, Mr. Crease's man, Tom Pelton, rode from the house, where we had been observed, to stop the robbery. We told him by way of apology to tell Mr. Crease there were 1,000,000 people just behind us who would clean out the crop, and that it might be a satisfaction to him to know that his friends had harvested a part of it, and would be grateful always.

We went on to Arkadelphia, where I joined A. J. Ward's cotton train as prearranged witih Mr. S. Smede, his agent, one of the finest men I ever knew. I remained with him until Washington, Arkansas, was reached, and finding no occupation, concluded to go on through the Territory, and through Bonham to Dallas, Texas. At the latter place I overtook Capt. Wm. S. Davis, of the Nitre and Mining bureau, then on duty at New Braunfels, Texas, and concluded to go on to Austin,

where Major N. B. Pearce was C. S. chief purchasing commissary. The General instantly gave me a clerkship and a district, the country included within the triangle formed by a line joining Austin, Cameron and Belton, with headquarters at Belton, in the duties of which I at once engaged. I remained until the news of my father's exile from Little Rock by General Steele. I hurried back to Washington, and after seeing him comfortably fixed with Judge Daniel T. Witter, his life long friend, was invited to take a place in the office of Colonel L. W O'Bannon, Qr. Mr. General of the Trans-Mississippi Department at Marshall, Texas.

While at Washington, Ark., before joining Col. O'Bannon, Judge Edward Cross, C. S. Treasury agent, employed me in the work of exchanging the Confederate "new issue" (money) for the "old issue," at the camp in Lafayette and Union counties. The exchange, as I recollect, was at the rate of two of the former for three of the latter, or a reduction of one-third of the amount presented. It was surprising how readily citizens and soldiers submitted to the tax of 33 1-3 per cent and surrendered their old currency for my unbonded script. I collected and turned over to Judge Cross over a million dollars for my paper, which is probably still outstanding in the Southwest, as curiosities of Confederate finance. I advanced my

own expenses for the month's work, for which the Confederacy perhaps still owes.

A little later Major Benj. J. Botts offered me chief clerkship in the office of the tax-in-kind department. I remained with him there for over a year and until "the surrender," in May or June, '65.

Members of both Blocher's and Marshall's battery wrote me in '74, at Marshall, Texas, that a state election was to be held in the army on a day in '74, for officers of Pulaski county, as the law then authorized, and they were going to run me for the legislature, in opposition to my old friend, the late Thomas Fletcher. I wrote in reply not to do it, that my old company had a dozen of his connections in it, that I was and had been for many years, a supporter of "Col. Tom," and that I would even come up to vote for him—thinking that was the end of it. Later I was greatly surprised to receive notification of my election, from the Secretary of State, Col. Oliver H. Oates. Shortly after I had a notice of intended contest. I wrote Col. Tom that I surrendered; that I had legged for him, as always, and that we would not fight; that Pulaski county had need for men in the legislature who would be able to know what was going on; he filled the bill and I did not. But as a compliment from my old boys, their demonstration of

good will was something more precious that promotion or office. It showed that notwithstanding the many meannesses, indignities, snubs and senseless impositions and punishments which it is within the power of a small commander to put on his subordinates, my old comrades still thought kindly of me. The value of such a compliment is above price. I shall die—many years hence, I hope—in the belief that the men in these three companies, Marshall's Blocher's and West's, and the bull battery as well, all in one, were among the best that ever marched, or fought or died for any cause, and that my Missouri and Texas companies were a close second to them.

I had fully resolved to go to Oregon Territory or the British possesions Northwest, when the inevitable hour came, as plain to be seen—it must soon, when the news of Lee's surrender was received. I had just twenty dollars in gold dollar pieces, not to mention Confederate money, sewed in my clothing, which was carried during the entire campaigning of four years, a horse and mule and a colored servant. Churchill's division was encamped in the vicinity of Marshall. Captains Anderson Mills, Billy Irwin, Cam Watkins and the late John Hutt, came to see me. All were homeward bound and all were "strapped." The inclination homeward, became infectious. Lieut. Hynson, of Marshall, (Arkansas born) formerly of Pratt's battery, came into

my room next morning and said, "Woodruff, I understand you have concluded to go home; that is the right thing to do. I suppose you are broke; I am at home. Here is a $20 gold piece for which I have no use. If it will be of service, it is yours. Pay it back when you are able, or not at all." The situation of my party was stated, and the belief expressed that with what we all could muster, we all could get home with aid of this double eagle's wings. The money was refunded a few months later.

We all reached the picket station five miles out from Little Rock in due time. The Federal officer in command sent a guard with us to the provost marshal's tent at St. John's College grounds. His office tent was on the very site of my own tent where I was camped last in 1863. There I "took the oath."

There are a great many things more than are embraced in this recital in the storehouse of memory, but it fully outlines the bearings witihin which the writer moved for more than four years.

His summing up of the whole awful business is, that General Sherman's definition of "war" is strictly accurate. "Reconstruction" was worse than war; but it is right and just to add, that bad as both were, the sum of both was not so bad as his preconceived idea of the result of secession, before the first shot was fired—whether by John

Brown, General Beauregard or Mr. Lincoln—it is the province of history yet to determine. But it is not questioned or doubted that when the rightful judgment of the impartial historian is made up after reviewing the whole case: the origin of American slavery, the habitat of its introducers and promoters, the compromises which resulted in the adoption of the Federal constitution, its provisions and meaning, the true story of emancipation by individuals and states, North and South, the fanaticism, and craft of the stronger side, which drove the weaker to passionate obstinacy and resistance at so great a sacrifice of life, limb and property—that the verdict of history will not be adverse to the rightfulness of the Southern cause.

All the result of the civil war proved was, that the North by reason of numbers had the power, not the constitutional authority, to abolish slavery, without first compensating the owners to the extent of many billions of dollars, for property virtually taken for public use, without just compensation. The victor could have accomplished the same solution honestly and honorably, at a less cost of blood, and treasure, and without sectional ill feeling, by constitutional means, before the war, by the simple tender of a plan of compensated emancipation. It is not recorded that the North ever did tender such a plan in a constitutional way.

If it had, it would in time, have been accepted. Not at once, under the whips of fanaticism, incendiarism and murderous assault, but after sufficient time had been given for the "sober second-thought of the people" to do its work, under the light of advancing civilization. In truth and in law, the "war amendments" (so called) to the constitution, have for their sanction only the acquiescence of the South (which is good law while it continues) and this acquiescence evidences good faith.

TAPS

APPENDIX TO PULASKI BATTERY.

In 1886, the late Col. Thomas L. Snead, aide and A. A. G. of Gen. Price, at the battle of Springfield, published a book entitled, "The Fight for Missouri," a work of ability and historical importance. The writer is indebted to him for many kind things said in it about his little command and himself. A few comments on Snead's statements are added here, which it is thought will be approved by most of the officers and men who participated in or witnessed that part of the battle which signalized "Bloody Hill."

Woodruff's official report (ante,) includes no occurrences prior to the appearance of the disorderly, panic stricken multitude who came rushing Southwest on the Fayetteville road from the direction of Gen. Rain's camp, only giving the particulars from the time of his interposition in the fight. Therefore it is thought proper to condense, from Col. Snead's account, and attach as an appendix, in order to give the reader a connected story of the main features of the battle of August 10, 1861.

On page 299 of his work, Col. Snead claims that the Missouri Confederates "bore the brunt of the battle for five hours, and with the aid of Churchill, Gratiot and Woodruff, won the main fight on "Bloody Hill." This is complimentary; but the relish is lessened because of a full appreciation of the value of the services of Gens. McCulloch and McIntosh, both of whom were brave and capable soldiers and commanders, as was demonstrated in this battle.

Lyon left Springfield accordlng to Snead about 5 p. m., August 9th, and about 1 o'clock on Saturday, the 10th, came in sight of Rains' camp fires, which extended northward as far as Gibson's Mill. He had completely turned the Confederate left, as they camped, and was in their rear. Halting at dawn, he resumed the march with Plummer's regular infantry battalion in advance, followed by Osterhaus' Missouri (Union) volunteers and Totten's regular battery. The Confederate pickets had been withdrawn at midnlght. Col. Cawthon in command of part of Rains' brigade, about the same hour sent out a picket to the north. About one and one-half mlles beyond Gibson's Mlll they discovered Lyon's approach. They reported the fact to Cawthon, who sent Col Hunter with

300 men to ascertain if Lyon was in force. Hunter's first intention was to attack; but Lyon seeing his advance was discovered, deployed into line, sending Osterhaus' battalion to the right and Plummer's to the left as skirmishers, and the First Missouri to the support of Totten. Hunter retreated, Lyon following, Cawthon meanwhile formed the rest of his brigade on the north side of Bloody Hill. He had 600 men in line. Before Hunter's detachment could join on Cawthon's right, Lyon appeared on the brow of the opposite hill with a Missouri and a Kansas regiment and Totten's battery; a brisk infantry skirmish occurred and Cawthon was driven back to the south slope of Bloody Hill. Hunter did not rejoin him until late in the day.

While Lyon was getting into position, Sigel had done his part. He left Springfield at sunset, moved four miles down the Fayetteville road, then made a detour to the left, and came about daybreak within a few hundred yards of Wilson's Creek, near the mouth of Tyrell's Creek. He had turned the Confederate right, which latter forces were camped between him and Lyon, ignorant of their proximity. Churchill's and Greer's cavalry were camped across the creek hardly 500 yards away. Leaving Essig's six gun battery and a small support to arrest stragglers, Sigel crossed the creek below the mouth of Tyrell, and awaited Lyon's signal guns. Churchill and Greer, like Rains, had drawn in their pickets during the night.

Gen. Rains' headquarters were some distance south of Gibson's Mill, and upon hearing that Hunter had gone to the northwest, Gen. Rains ordered Col. Snyder, of his staff, to go forward and see what was the matter. Snyder returned and reported the Federals were advancing, his "troops and cannon covering the whole prairie." Rains sent him to report the facts to Price.

It was "nearly 6 o'clock, and neither Price nor McCulloch, who were then at Price's headquarters, had any cause to suspect that Lyon had even left Springfield," when Col. Snyder came in breathless, with haste and excitement told Gen. Price that "Lyons was approaching with 20,000 men and 100 pieces of artillery, and was then within a mile of Rains' camp." In two or three minutes another officer dashed up and reported "Rains was falling back before overwhelming numbers." "Looking up," says Snead, "we could ourselves see a great crowd of men on horseback, some armed and others unarmed, mixed in with wagons and teams, and led horses, all in dreadful confusion, scampering over the hill and making down towards us—a panic-stricken drove. In another instant we saw the flash and heard the report of Totten's guns, which had gone into battery on the top of the hill not more than 1,000 yards away, and throwing shot into the flying crowd. And then in quick response came the sound of Sigel's (Essig's) guns, as they opened upon Churchill, Greer, Majors and Brown, and drove them in confusion out of the valley" of their camp into the thick woods of Skegg's branch.

McCulloch and McIntosh mounted and hastened to take command east of the creek, "and Price having ordered his infantry and artillery to follow, was galloping up Bloody Hill to take command of Cawthon's brigade, still falling back before Lyon, resisting him all that it could. Price hoped with it to hold the Federals in check till the rest of the Missourians could come up. These were already forming along the Fayetteville road, and were within a few minutes hastening

up the hill at double quick. Hardly had Price gotten Cawthon's men into line under the brow of the hill where they were out of the range of Totten's guns, and under cover of the trees and dense undergrowth," when Slack's brigade came up and "formed on the left of Cawthon." Clark also took position to the left of Slack. "Then came Parson's division and Guibor's battery,"* while on the extreme left McBride took position with two regiments. Then came Rives, and "a half an hour later Weightman, whose brigade* had been encamped a mile or more from the rest of Price's infantry, came with two regiments and fell in between Slack and Cawthon." "The lines thus formed by Price aggregated 3,100 men, with four pieces of artillery. He was greatly assisted from the beginning by Woodruff, who had with true soldierly instinct, thrown his pieces into battery, on the bluff east of the ford, at the first sound of Totten's guns, and opened on Lyon a fire which checked his advance, and gave the Missourians time to reach Cawthon's position and form a line of battle there." Col. Snead mentions that Price on

* Price directed "his most determined efforts against Totten's Battery, for which Woodruff's, which was pitted against it, was no match at all."—Century "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," Federal account, page 292, to which is added this additional note: "Woodruff's Little Rock Battery was composed of guns which had been captured at the seizure of the Little Rock arsenal, of which Capt. Totten had been in command. Woodruff and his gunners had in fact been drilled and instructed by Totten.—Editors." Ib. The reader must decide as to which officer the above quotation is most complimentary. It is a fact that Totten never "drilled or instructed" this battery—unless upon the field.—W

"Lyons main attack was met by Price with about 3,200 Missourians, Churchill's regiment and Woodruff s Battery both from Arkansas."—Ib., page 271.

"Totten's Battery, in the center, was the main point of assault."—Ib. "The infantry and artillery as soon as Totten's disabled horses were replaced, left the scene of conflict, and passing through the troops placed in the rear, retreated" towards Springfield.—Ib., 297.

"Capt. Woodruff's Battery was ordered (by Gen. McIntosh) to occupy a hill commanding the road to Springfield, and the Third Arkansas was ordered to support him."—Confederate account, Ib., page 300.

"Totten's Federal Battery was pushed forward and took its first position on the hillside, north of where the main fight afterwards took place. I had directed Capt. Woodruff, who was posted within easy range, to give attention to Totten; and the two batteries were soon engaged in a lively artillery duel, being well matched in skill and mettle. Lieutenant Weaver, of Woodruff's was killed, and four of Totten's men were killed and wounded in this engagement."—Ib., ib., 300-1.

"Woodruff's Battery was again placed in position, and Totten [DuBois], who was covering the retreat of Sturgis, received the benefit of his parting shots. We watched the retreating enemy, and were glad to see him go."—Ib., ib., 303.

A few days after the battle, Pierce's brigade of Arkansas militia were disbanded on the expiration of their term.—Ib., ib., 303.

account of the inferiority of the arms of the Missourians, shot guns and "squirrel" rifles—the lines were about 300 yards apart—were compelled to advance or to await the attack of the Union forces, and "chose the latter alternative." In a few moments the Federal command "forward" was plainly heard and "quickly followed by the tramp of men." When they arrived within easy range of Price's Missourians, then rang out of the ranks of the latter, upon the air, the sharp click of 1,000 rifles and as many shot-guns, "and the roar of Guibor's guns, and the battle of Wilson's Creek had begun in earnest." Missourians fought Missourians, and Totten, who had been stationed at Little Rock, where his relations still resided, fought furiously against Woodruff's Little Rock battery, which now opened upon him "the very guns which had been taken from him a few months before." The battle was now waged upon the hillside for hours with intense earnestness.

While McCulloch was making dispositions of Pearce's troops to meet Sigel's anticipated attack near Skegg's branch, a messenger from Woodruff advised him that part of Lyon's column, constituting its extreme left, was demonstrating as if intending to cross to the east side of Wilson's creek and move down toward the battery. Gen. McCulloch immediately ordered Gratiot to Woodruff's support and sent McIntosh with his regiment dismounted and several companies of the Third Louisiana and McRae's battalion to meet the Federal force. They moved rapidly to the front on the east side of the creek. Though covered somewhat by Woodruff's guns, McIntosh was greatly harrassed by DuBois' guns, who hurled grape shot and shell from the eastern brow of Bloody Hill. Crossing the Fayetteville road, McIntosh led his men to a large corn field, behind whose fence the Federals had taken position. They were Plummer's Battalion of U. S. Infantry, supported by Home Guards. A fierce conflict ensued, the Confederates fighting under cover of the brush and the Federals behind the fence. McIntosh, finding the enemy's fire was playing havoc with his men, ordered a charge and, leading the way, leaped the fence. The greater part of his own regiment and the Third Louisiana followed him, and they quickly put Plummer to flight and drove him back to Lyons' main body. In the ardor of pursuit the Confederates were annoyed by DuBois' Battery and Osterhaus and had to retire in some confusion. This engagement began about 7 o'clock and lasted about an hour. Plummer's 300 regulars lost 80 men and he was himself severely wounded. McIntosh took into action about 1000 men; his loss was over 100.

While the cornfield fight was going on Sigel advanced leisurely through the cavalry camps from which he had driven the Confederates early in the morning, and took position, with 1,200 men and six pieces of artillery, near Sharp's house, on high ground on the bluff of Skegg's branch, a company of regular cavalry on each flank. He intended to cut off the Confederate retreat after Lyon dispersed them. Sigel's further advance was barred by Pearce's infantry.

McCulloch, after the cornfield fight, finding that further advance of Sigel was barred by Walker's and Dockery's regiments, and Reed's battery, hurried back to Gen. McIntosh, and learning that the cornfield fight was over, took the remaining Third Louisiana companies, with those of McIntosh to follow, and hastened to Skegg's Branch, determined to attack Sigel. Rosser's and O'Kane's battalions and Bledsoe's battery were in position on the road north of the branch.

Sigel and his men were ignorant of all that was happening in the front. At last one of his men saw a regiment uniformed in gray hurrying down the road. The First Iowa wore a gray uniform, and he reported its advance to Gen. Sigel, who warned his men not to fire on them, and his flags were waved in welcome. Just then Reed to the east and Bledsoc to the west opened fire on him. The cry "they are firing on us," spread through Sigel's ranks. His artillerymen refused to serve their guns, the infantry would not level their pieces until too late, and with McCulloch and Mc. Intosh in the lead, the Third Louisiana, Rosser and O'Kane, charged Essig's battery. Sigel's whole force made instant flight, abandoning five of their six pieces of artillery.

Sigel and Salomon with 200 of their Germans and Carr's regular cavalry, tried to go to Springfield by the route they came, but were abandoned by Carr and Sigel. They were set upon by Majors' Missourians and Greer's Texas cavalry, and nearly all killed, wounded or captured.

Churchill, after Sigel's early morning attack, rallied his men in the road and first went into the fight on Price's extreme left flank. Later he moved to the center of Price's line, where it was hardest pressed and again went into the fight, on the left of Slack, in the front of Lyon's attack, where the Missourians most needed help. Totten with a section strongly supported, enfiladed the Confederates at 200 yards, Totten and Granger helping to work the guns. McCulloch diverted this fire by going back to the valley and sending Carroll's cavalry and part of Greer's to turn Lyon's right and charge Totten's guns. They were repulsed but the movement relieved Price, at the same time increasing Lyon's anxiety. Lyon then ordered the First Iowa to the front and sent Steele's battalion of regulars to the support of Totten. Price and Pearce then sent Gratiot's regiment up the hill, and as it passed it came within range of Totten's guns, and several of Gratiot's field and staff officers were killed or wounded. The regiment held its position under a fire so furious that in thirty minutes 100 of its 500 men were dead or wounded. "The engagement became general and almost inconceivably fierce along the line." (These are the words of Schofield and Sturgis.) "The enemy often approached to within thirty or forty yards as they charged Totten's battery to be driven back." Lyon was killed about this time. Sturgis succeeded him and decided to retreat. Steele's regulars covered the retiring Federals. "Then the Confederates gave voice to that exultant cry which is never heard except upon a field whereon its victors stand."